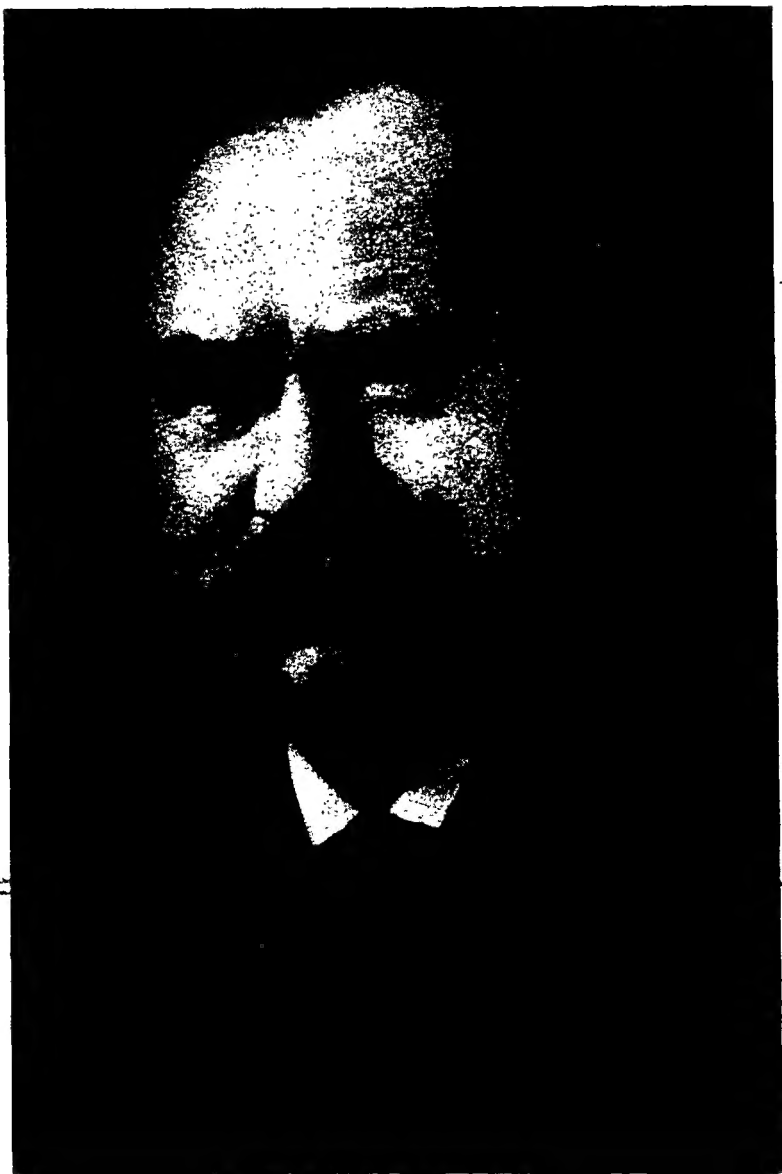


LEAVES FROM THE LIFE
OF A PIONEER



EMIL JULIUS MEILICKE

LEAVES FROM THE LIFE OF A PIONEER



BEING THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF SOMETIME SENATOR
EMIL JULIUS MEILICKE

(WITH EDITORIAL NOTES)

PRINTED IN CANADA

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Editor's Introduction

On a happy occasion recently, when all his children were gathered around Mr. Meilicke, he was asked to give a sketch of his life to the assembled family. By a curious coincidence he was thereafter waited on by one who knew the important part which Mr. Meilicke had played in the development of the region south of Saskatoon, and who, at the same time, was aware of the services which he had rendered the people of Saskatchewan, and asked him to put down on paper something of what he had seen and done. The result is this autobiography, dictated to a stenographer, and to some extent chastened and arranged by an editor, who now and again added short notes bringing out the significance of the narrative.

The reader will bear in mind the double object of the sketch, viz., to place on record for a devoted family the story of its founder, and to offer to such as may be interested a sketch of the career and of the public service of one who played no mean part in his time and place. He will also understand that the end aimed at can be much more satisfactorily attained, at this early stage, by the actor speaking freely of himself, of his doings and of the scenes in which he has figured, than by an outsider writing with no more than second-hand information.

Mr. Meilicke lived under three flags, and his life reflects, as in a mirror, important and, it is hoped, interesting phases in the frontier life of three countries.

—THE EDITOR

N.B.: Comments and notes by the editor are printed in the smaller type.



Foreword by E. J. Meilicke's Children

As the life story of Emil Julius Meilicke unfolds, it will quickly become apparent that the dominating influence of his life was the urge to pioneer; to hew his own course free from impediments and prejudices. This drive found expression in the moves he made to new fields and far away places during his lifetime. The story as related, however, falls short inasmuch as it cannot fully portray his character. Only intimate association with him could reveal the innate greatness of Emil Julius Meilicke.

It has been said that the mountains, the hills, the forests and the great plains of America built a nobility all their own. Here was a man who built first a nobility within his own soul, then moved where expression could be given to it. He lived as a pioneer in sparsely populated areas, always carrying on as an individual, living more under God's invisible authority than by custom and tradition. The world was his school — necessity and experience his teacher. He was actuated more by the dictates of his own conscience than by the training in religion and the dogmas imparted to him in his boyhood. His passion for fairness and righteousness burned to the full within him at all times. He was seen at his best defending a man in lowly circumstances who had been abused or imposed upon. Few men looked deeper and longer for the good within the individual; few men ever held themselves so accountable for their own deeds and actions, and at the same time were so ready to forgive

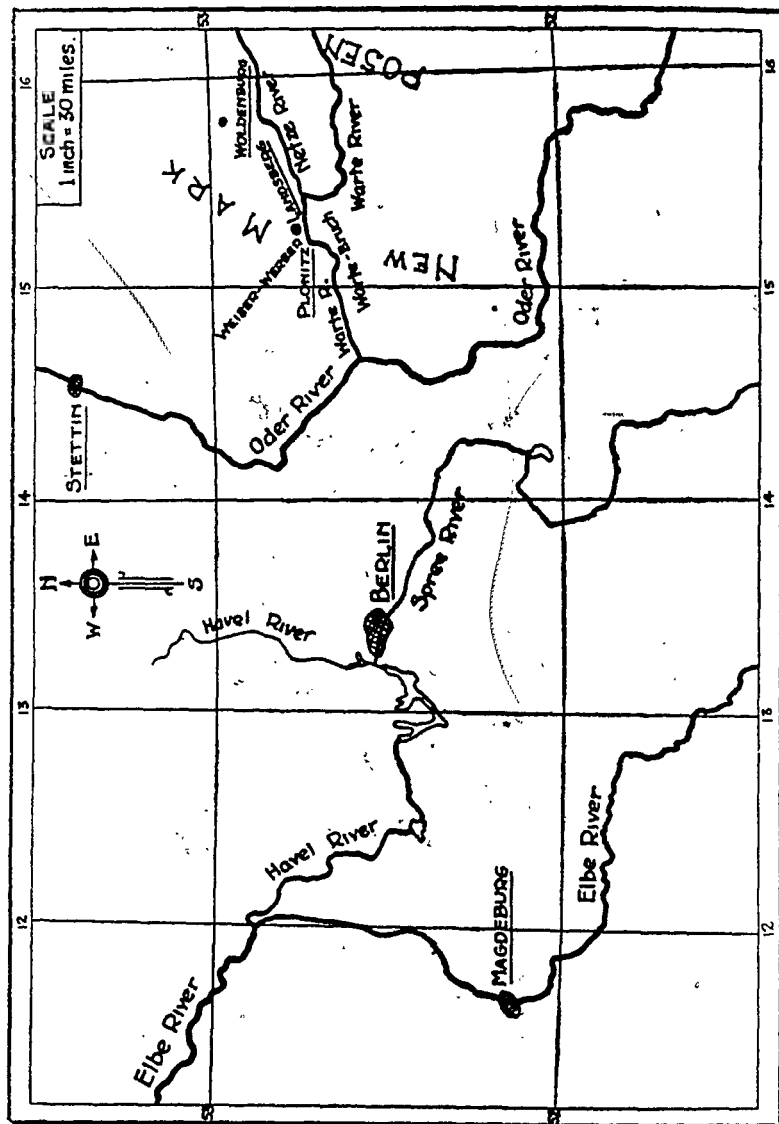
others for their misdeeds. These traits drew to him followers and admirers from every walk of life.

No mere biography can mirror these great qualities. Reference to them is humbly made in this foreword by members of the family, knowing that it, too, falls short of giving the reader the insight deserved. It is the hope of the Meilicke family that this short history of their father's life will be an inspiration to future generations as was his life to his own children and to those who knew him.

April 19, 1948.

PART I.

MEMORIES OF THE HOMELAND



MAP N° 1
THE HOME-LAND OF THE MEILICKES

Plonitz

The man who has brought an abandoned region into cultivation, who has made the desert to blossom as the rose, may be said to have "served his country well". In such a light will the people of Saskatchewan, and especially of Dundurn and Saskatoon, look upon Emil Julius Meilicke. He saw the potentialities of a region passed over by many hundred pioneers and condemned by the Dominion Government itself as beyond hope, and was the means of clothing it with a golden harvest of grain. On that score alone he stands out as a benefactor of the country.

Unlike most men of a more modern day, Mr. Meilicke takes satisfaction in meditating on the continuity of history. He contemplates his own career in the light of the achievements of his forefathers. He looks back to these several families, pioneers in his distant homeland, whose blood flows in his veins, and he feels that he has done no more than they did before him. Meilicke was born in the valley of the River Warté, a tributary of the Oder, in what was once the mournful plain of Brandenburg, Germany, in a land originally but fen and morass. Hostile as nature was, man was even more pitiless. During the dreadful Thirty Years War the New Mark, as the region is called, was ravaged without mercy. Men, women and children were slaughtered or driven from their homes in panic. The Marsh, at best but sparsely settled, became a dispeopled land. To fill the void, the Great Elector Frederick William, pursuing a policy of toleration to all Protestant creeds, offered Brandenburg as an asylum to the persecuted and the fugitives of many lands. He had studied at the University of Leyden, in Holland, where he contracted a great admiration for the Dutch. When he became elector he brought in a considerable body of Dutch immigrants and set them to reclaim the valleys of the Oder and Warté by building great dykes to hem those streams into their channels. Plonitz, the original home of the Meilicke family, on the banks of the Warté, was within the area of a scattered Dutch settlement. When the Hapsburg emperors, egged on by the Jesuits, drove the Protestants out of their dominions, Frederick William beckoned the fugitives to the vacant places of Brandenburg. At a date unknown, the original Meilicke, who was

by faith of the Moravian Brotherhood, left Moravia, the region north of Austria, and settled at Plonitz.

Again, when in 1685 Louis XIV of France revoked the Treaty of Nantes, which secured toleration to the Huguenots, as the French Calvinists were called, and began an orgy of persecution, Frederick William, by edict, invited the refugees to Brandenburg. The partially reclaimed banks of the Oder and Warte attracted the attention of the distressed immigrants. From the sunny skies of France a dark-skinned, black-eyed puritan Huguenot family, by name Saint-Just, settled (it may be assumed not without a shudder) amid the fens of the Warte in the region of Plonitz.

An officer of the army of Frederick the Great, whose name was Schmidt, also chose vacant land in that neighborhood instead of a pension. His son, or more probably his grandson, married a dark-eyed daughter of the Saint-Just family—a pioneer's son wedding the offspring of a pioneer. Their daughter, Christina, married Christian Frederick Meilicke, a descendant of Meilicke the pioneer. Their third son, a pioneer in Minnesota and in Saskatchewan, is the author of this autobiography. Mr. Meilicke, born in 1852 and now eighty-one years of age, enjoys the brightest of memories. He remembers his father and, on his mother's side, his grandmother Saint-Just. In the leisure of old age he finds satisfaction in recalling the happy scenes of his boyhood in his homeland, and the influences which framed his character and made him the man that he is.

I WAS born at Woldenberg in the valley of the Netze, a tributary of the Warte, on July 19, 1852, the year in which my father bought the farm there. My forbears had always been on the land and the Meilickes have been identified with the soil down to the present generation. Though they have now to some extent broken away from it, they are still very much wrapped up in the land.

I remember as a boy going with my parents thirty-two miles over to Plonitz in the "Warte-Bruch" or fen of the River Warte where the different families who were related to me had begun by bringing the country into cultivation. The district was already then divided into sections of beautifully tilled land. The river flowed

through a wide, level plain and its course could be traced by the great dykes built by the Government to protect the farms from floods. Willows were planted on these dykes to hold the earth so that it could not be washed away. Roads kept by the State ran along the dykes. In 1907 when I was fifty-five years old I revisited the settlement, the home of my forefathers. Strange feelings came to me when it lay before my eyes just as I saw it when a boy eight years of age. I could pick out the farm where my father, Christian Frederick Meilicke, was born on May 23, 1805. His father, Christian Frederick also, had had the farm before him. I never saw him. His wife's maiden name was Altmann. As I never heard anything about the Meilickes coming there, I think they were there a long time and were original settlers after the Hollanders, as we called the Dutch. All I heard was that the Meilickes had come from Moravia and were of the Moravian Brotherhood. My people were all very religious. When I went back in 1907 we made enquiries and were told that a man named Kahn was living in the old home. I drove out to the place where my uncle, Julius Meilicke, had lived. Altmann, who lived there, was a fine looking old man and was clad in patched but very clean trousers. I told him that I was the son of Frederick Meilicke and that Julius, the former owner, had been my uncle. The man said that he remembered Julius Meilicke well as he had been a splendid shot and that as a boy he had gone hunting with him. This Altmann must have been of my great-grandmother's stock. He dressed himself in a fine suit and we drove out.

From the road on the dyke I could look over the country and I told the coachman to stop. I explained that I had seen this country last in 1866 and I was able to point out the places from memory. There was Weiber-Werder. The word "werder" means an island in a river

or marsh. Weiber-Werder means the "Women's Island". There is quite a history attached to this piece of land. It was a piece of higher ground in those inaccessible marshes, the way to which was known only to the local people. It was reached in very early times only by boats and then through the flags and canebrakes. The bush with which it was covered made an excellent hiding place. During the raids of the nomads from the grasslands of Russia, Bashkirs and Tartars, and later the raids of Russians and Poles, the local people would take their womenfolk and conceal them on this piece of higher ground. Thus they called it "The Women's Island" (of refuge). It was not till the time of Frederick the Great that the Warte-Bruch was completely reclaimed.

Now I had an ancestor named Schmidt, "Officer Schmidt" as he was called. He was born in Saxony. Frederick the Great was a famous leader and drew his army from many parts. Therefore it was not surprising that Officer Schmidt, a Saxon, should serve as one of his men. When the war was over (this must have been the Seven Years' War) Frederick the Great demobilized his army and pensioned the soldiers or used them for agricultural work. He had the land dyked and many good roads laid. Instead of a pension the soldiers were given their choice of this dyked land, and Schmidt, being an officer, was allowed one of the first choices. He chose some of the higher ground which had trees on it and was near the Weiber-Werder.

An interesting story was told me, when I was a boy, of the Schmidt who held this farm when the French occupied the country. Napoleon forced all the people in the district to keep as many French soldiers as their means would allow. It fell to Schmidt's lot to keep two cavalymen billeted at his house. He had to feed them and their horses and make them comfortable. This was a great burden since these Frenchmen were used to

much better fare than the local people. Because the ground was flat and mucky, practically no wheat was grown; rye was the staple grain and of this the bread was made, but these French soldiers demanded *pain blanc*—white bread. They used to point out the fat chickens in the barnyard and insist that they be killed and served to them. One of these soldiers, however, was a very decent fellow and quite a comradeship sprang up between Schmidt and this fine young man. The other was not to the family's liking and gave them much trouble. Once when Schmidt returned from the forest bringing wood for the fire, he found his young wife in tears, for the ruffian had insulted her. Schmidt, in a rage, was about to kill him when the other soldier came between them and prayed him to stay his hand and think what the consequences would be. It would mean court martial and maybe one or both of them would lose their lives, and as nothing serious had actually happened, and as this would certainly be a lesson, he advised him to make the best of the situation. Altogether the good soldier endeared himself to the family and this fine friendship lessened the unpleasantness associated with the billeting.

The Frederick Schmidt just before my time, was quite a remarkable man. He was nicknamed by the common classes, "Prophet Schmidt," because of his very pious nature. I was told as a boy that in the village the preacher, the *Schulte*, or village mayor, and Prophet Schmidt took a daily paper between them and read it in turn. These men, therefore, became well posted, and visited each other to discuss the questions of the day. Whenever the villagers had a wedding or a christening, it was considered a very great honour if the preacher would remain for the festivities that followed. But he could not be persuaded to stay if the company was not interesting. Many of the villagers, men owning their

own little plots and contracting themselves out in bands for harvest on the large estate, who ordinarily would not have invited Prophet Schmidt, would ask him so that the preacher who was his friend would stay for a while. This preacher must have been a very liberal man. A plot of farming land was usually attached to the parsonage. As a rule the preachers rented this or neglected it entirely, but this man tilled his piece of land. The villagers told him that he must indeed be a man of God because he grew such fine crops. He replied that sheep's dung does much more than prayer!

Prophet Schmidt was ill of diabetes for a long time. He used to sit in a large chair which had many brass fittings. When my older brothers, Gustave and Edward, were there, he would bring out nuts or fruit of some kind which he had stowed away in his pockets, and spread them out for them, but he would make them count the pieces. In fact, he would set sums for them in this way. At other times he would tell them stories which they had to repeat satisfactorily before he would give them what they were coveting. Grandfather Schmidt went to no end of pains to do what he thought was good for them. He was often visited by his friend the preacher. When he was dying, grandmother called in the preacher, and insisted that the last rites be administered. The preacher, however, addressed the dying man: "My friend, it is not necessary for such a man as you have been to partake of this rite. It is only a ceremony and is for those who are alone and who have been weak and feel that they must repent to be saved." The dying man acquiesced in this view. Not so his good wife, my grandmother. Saint-Just was her maiden name, though the family was known by us as "Just". She was of a French Huguenot family brought in during the reign of the Great Elector. After grandfather died she had a room to herself. In it was the chair grandfather had

used. She was then between seventy and eighty years of age. She had dark hair and a dark complexion and wore a cap tied with black ribbons, similar to the head-dress worn by the women of Alsace-Lorraine. The two ends of the ribbons stuck out like horns. As a child I had a real dread of her because of those horns. She was a wonderful cook, and I remember well her coffee cake. At the same time she was scrupulously religious and careful to comply with the rules and regulations of her church. So were all the Just family, and they all had the dark skin of the French, and preserved French customs. When I was quite small, a Just, my grandmother's brother, visited father at Woldenberg. He was very dark and wore a black suit with knickers, black stockings and buckled shoes. He was taken to our extra room, and when I was sent to his room with something, I found him down on his knees praying. Those Huguenots clung to their religion and the God for whom they suffered and they learned to face the disastrous world with the courage and calm of the Stoic.

Neither dancing nor card playing was allowed in the home of Grandmother Just. Grandfather, however, was more liberal in his ideas and when the daughters grew up they were sent to an institution in Landsberg to learn handicraft and music and even dancing, so that they might conduct themselves with grace at functions. Grandmother looked askance at this but finally allowed herself to be persuaded to it. One of these girls was Christina Wilhelmina, born in 1818, whom my father, Christian Frederick Meilicke, married about 1840. She had all the qualities of the Just family. She was deeply religious, a spartan, a business woman and a hard worker. Father, like her, was deeply religious. (I have a letter dated August 19, 1866, received when we were in America, and he was away prospecting for a farm. It begins: "Die gnade gottes sei mit uns allen"—the



grace of God be with us all.) Like her, too, father was a hard worker, and had a high sense of honour and duty, but he was too generous to prosper.

Father was born on May 23, 1805, on the farm at Plonitz. He was fairly tall and muscular and had dark wavy hair and dark blue eyes; his weight was about one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and he was rather spare of flesh and very athletic. He had been sent to a preparatory school for confirmation which was the custom of the time. Here his comrades would put him up against other schools and lay their bets on their champion. He was a great jumper and one of his feats was jumping across the boundary ditches that were filled with water. Bets would be taken that the boys could not jump the ditches if they had their heavy bibles strapped to their backs. It must be explained that these bibles were large books with wooden backs encased in rawhide and with brass corners and clasps. Young Frederick would jump the ditch with one bible strapped on, then with a second and a third, and the joke of it was that those who did not have good judgment or the strength would miss their jump and fall into the mud and water of the ditch. Another feat of which the family boasted was that Frederick, with wooden shoes turned up at the points, could jump onto the thatched roofs of the bake ovens. He would step back and take a run at the dome-shaped bake oven built like an igloo and land on the very top—a feat of which no rival was capable.

Father was very musical and, without an instructor, learned to play the flute well, taking much enjoyment out of this instrument in his old age. His brother, Julius, played the violin, and together they performed some charming pieces, some of them being of my father's own composition. When I went to church with him I used to enjoy his singing as he had a sweet tenor voice and entered heartily into the spirit of the music.

When he became old enough to take over the operation of the farm he would take a drink of liquor between meals, as was the custom of every young man at that time. He noticed that he enjoyed this drink and, in fact, developed a desire for it, and began to feel that he would like to take two. This realization brought him up with a start, and Stoic that he was, he made the decision that he would take none at all. This resolution he kept religiously to the end of his life. He would have no intoxicating liquor about the place. Later on when he purchased the brickyard (of which I shall speak) he had difficulty in getting his employees to agree to this rule, which was wholly contrary to the prevailing custom. But he persuaded them that they ~~could~~ do better work and that they should conform to his wish not to drink while on the job. He compromised with them by furnishing them with lunch and coffee.

With all his earnestness my father could enjoy and even perpetrate a good joke. The preacher of the community was quite a dignitary, but in spite of this, Frederick, gay lad that he was at that time, induced the young men of the congregation to play an interesting joke on him. It was the custom at weddings and christenings for the people when leaving the church to drop the collection at a table where the preacher stood. At his right hand was the silver collection which belonged to himself, and at the left a plate for the coppers to go to the sexton. The young fellows agreed that they should place the silver collection on the left-hand plate for the sexton, and the coppers on the right-hand for the preacher, and the other people, seeing where the silver was, would follow suit. Thus the sexton, who was much loved, would get a nice little sum. The first money dropped in the plates brought the eyes of the parson down on the depositor. He glowered at the young men as they followed in a row but when he saw that the silver was all going into the

sexton's plate he quietly walked around to the other side of the table so that the silver would be at his right hand and the coppers at his left, which was the custom. The parson had turned the joke on the young jesters!

When my father was grown up, some young ladies thought they would play a joke on him and frighten him with a spook, little knowing how liberal-minded he was compared with those around him, and how free from all superstition. One night he and his brother were out late, and on their way home had to pass through a willow thicket on one of the dyke paths. Some young ladies who were staying at father's home persuaded the servant girl to wrap a sheet around herself and get in the pathway in this willow thicket. As my father and his brother, Julius, approached the ghost they stopped and possibly for a moment were a little startled. Father, however, immediately took in the situation, and whispered to his brother to pretend that they were tremendously frightened. Each one had a cane in his hand, as was the custom. They approached stealthily, huddled, together, moving as if desperately frightened and edging to one side of the path as if to get by. This forced the spook to edge to the side they were taking. They then made for the other side and when within reaching distance struck at the spook with their canes. The servant girl shrieked and, calling them by name, begged for mercy. They immediately desisted, of course, and expressed themselves as terribly sorry for what had happened, saying, how could they know that she was the spook? Thus the laugh was turned on the perpetrators of the trick.

Father had a sturdy sense of justice and of his personal rights, which I could not but admire. For example, formerly the citizens had been allowed to hunt and fish, but this right was withdrawn by the nobility from the common people. While father was a stickler for obeying the law, he felt this to be a great injustice

and he had no compunction in disobeying the new regulation. He dearly loved to hunt, and discovered that hares were plentiful at night in the cemetery not far away, where the flower beds offered food even in winter. He used to go there to get his bag of hares, feeling sure that it was not a place frequented by anyone else. He would take along a sack of chaff into which he would stick his feet to keep them warm. Then with his back up against a tombstone he would wait for the hares, and as they came he would pop them over. It can readily be seen that he had emancipated himself from the superstitions so common in those days.

His wife, Wilhelmina Schmidt, for all her religion, was as athletic and as full of fun as he. They were at a wedding and a young man came up to father, who had been a school comrade, and said to him, "Meilicke, I believe that you cannot run as fast as you could when you were a boy. You used to beat me in those days but I believe that I could outrun you now." Father laughed at him and said that he would not deign to make even a trial, but added, "Why, my wife could outrun you." This brought a chorus of laughter from the rest of the young folk. Mother was then called and advised of the arrangement that had been made. She objected but finally agreed, provided she could have another young woman to help her. It was arranged that they were to run in the enclosed field in which they were playing games, and which was covered with a lovely green sward. They were to start out and catch the young man and hold him, and this would be accepted as a win on their part. Mother chose as her assistant a young woman with whom she used to run foot races when at school, and who was nearly her equal. Back and forth, round and about they went. Several times Mother laid hands on the man but because of the shame that would rest on him if he were beaten by a woman, he would tear away and

run again. Finally, she seized him by the belt and the other girl came to her assistance, and between them they held him fast. The crowd made so much fun of the result for the young fellow that he felt covered with disgrace and left the wedding.

While my mother could enter into the fun of life she was really a very hard working woman. She did the bookkeeping for the farm, as father could not be bothered with that sort of thing. When work was called for in the fields she was to be found there. At the potato harvest, poor women, and sometimes men, would come from the towns to pick the crop. Mother would always join them in the fields and take the lead. She would follow the rows on her knees, picking up the potatoes as she went.

Altogether, life at Plonitz was both grave and gay.

Woldenberg

ABOUT 1851 the word America was on everybody's lips —America, the land of freedom, where the broad acres and religious liberty, and one man was as good as another. My parents had now two boys and a girl born to them on the farm at Plonitz—Gustave, Edward and Augusta. Father could see that the opportunities for the coming generation would be few in a country where land was so hard to get. Therefore, the appeal of America was very great. Then again, our country was always threatened with war. Military duties and compulsory service in the army were very irksome to the peace-loving people of Plonitz. My parents, my uncle Julius and a party of friends decided to emigrate. In 1851 my father sold his farm, but an epidemic of smallpox broke out in the district. Father was stricken and the beautiful little Augusta died. Sickness and sorrow turned my parents' minds away from America, but Julius and the rest of the party went off and settled in the State of Wisconsin. Uncle Julius wrote of the strange land and its hardships. After that he reported himself as removed to Minnesota. No further word was heard of him. The worst was feared. Meanwhile my parents changed their minds and decided to stay in the homeland. They heard that good land and cheap could be had in the province of Posen to the east of them. In the early summer of 1852 they left the farm at Plonitz on a long trip of inspection. They saw much good land but they found that the people, mostly of Polish extraction, were miserable farmers, doing everything in a slovenly way. There was evidence of lack of energy and thrift on every side. The men folk were very much given to drunkenness. Then,

too, the abject way in which the peasantry would fall in the mud, or wherever it might be, at the sight of the priests was too much for stern Protestants. Much discouraged, they turned back. Returning westward, through the town of Woldenberg, they came to a beautiful farm lying broadly on either side of the macadamized road. There was a lake on the north boundary and another on the south boundary of the farm. The place was well treed and cultivated, and there was a fine brickyard on it. Really, it was a very fine place. As it was very hot and their horses were tired, it being somewhat past the noon hour, the driver suggested that permission should be got from the owner to feed the horses and to take lunch under the shade of the trees. When the owner heard of the object of the journey, he suggested that my father should buy the place, as he had been advised by his doctors to give up farming for he was consumptive. My parents could hardly believe that such a lovely place could be theirs. Negotiations were practically completed that day and the farm was bought for \$14,700. On the 19th of July of this year, 1852, I was born on this beautiful farm.

Mr. Edward J. Meilicke, on a visit to Germany in 1930, went out from Berlin to see the land of his forefathers. Motoring from Kreuz, he was travelling westward ten miles to Woldenberg through the country traversed by his grandfather in search of good farming land. The grandson was not surprised that his forebear had turned away from that sandy infertile region. He was, however, surprised to find the poor soil extend westward beyond the town of Woldenberg itself. Suddenly he came upon a stretch of beautiful land, and he was able to spot the grandfather's home. His comment was: "The Meilickes have an instinct for good land".

My parents set themselves with energy to the task of improving their new property. Their goods, once

destined for America, were brought from Plönitz, thirty-two miles away. The dairy was the special sphere of my mother. Dissatisfied with the small red cattle of the region, my father brought in Holstein cattle to improve the dairy herd. Milk was delivered daily to the people of the town two miles away. Everyone was busy, and one of my earliest recollections is of helping churn the butter. Nor were good works forgotten. Certain poor families in the town were supplied with milk free of charge.

My father looked after the farm at large. He brought in from a distance some English Cotswold sheep, which were then unknown in the locality. The brickyard on the place was the special object of his attention. He improved the buildings and built new ones. When the men hauled brick to town he would have them bring back the carts full of fertilizer for the fields. Soon the yields were much increased. When the neighboring farmers discovered the secret of his big crops, the price of the fertilizer which he had been getting for hauling away was gradually increased to \$1.00 per load. Peat bogs were purchased beyond the town at a very reasonable price, for the land was otherwise useless. The peat was used for burning the brick in the kilns, wood being used only for the finishing process. This made quite a saving and enabled father to compete more successfully in the brick market of the neighboring town. Here, too, good works were not forgotten, for certain poor people in the town were supplied free of charge during the winter with peat from the carts as they passed through with their loads.

My parents made a model estate of this beautiful home and were able by a purchase to extend it. It was made almost self-sufficing. Nearly all the food needed was raised on the place and the meats cured. The grains were ground; and there was always a large supply of

poultry and eggs. Flax was grown, retted, spun, bleached, woven and dyed and was made into clothing. Much of the spinning and weaving was done in the long winter evenings. On the farm wool went through all the stages from the backs of the sheep to the backs of the people. The seed—even the garden seed—and grains for the next year's sowing were selected and dried and prepared during the winter when outside duties were less pressing. The work was endless and everyone was always busy at something from morning until night. Young though I was, I got a wonderful schooling in industry on that farm. I used to do all the spooling of the thread for the weaving. When I would long to run off for play outside, my mother would say: "My boy, if you want to be an industrious man you must learn when you are young."

At the same time higher things were not neglected. My parents were very pious and attended the State Church regularly. Yet the old Moravian practices were not omitted. Services somewhat of the order of modern prayer meetings were held weekly in the homes of the members of the circle. Sermons prepared by the leaders of the Moravian Church were read and the regular Moravian books of praise were used. The children were taught from the Bible. I can quote pages and pages of Scripture by heart to this day. I was to have been confirmed the following year at Easter time, when the annual confirmation took place and when I would be fourteen years of age as required, but we decided suddenly to go to America. The preacher was reluctant for me to go without confirmation, as he said America was a land of sectarianism. The rule was set aside for me and I was examined at thirteen years of age, standing all alone before the congregation. My moral training received equal attention. I was taught to stand in the middle of the store if the clerk was not present at the

counter, so as to avoid even the possibility of a charge of dishonesty. I was trained never to pick apples from the branch of a tree hanging over a wall, and not even to take apples which had fallen on the road.

As I look back on those happy days I still pay reverence to the piety of my parents and my relatives, though I see clearly that their religion was an emotionalism I have never known. Their acceptance of the Bible as inspired to the letter led them to accept beliefs which are not in keeping with reason. In later times I found peace in bringing my idea of God and my religion in tune with reason, but I owe much to my people and to my school for the care with which they taught me that industry, honesty and honour are a supreme duty laid upon every individual, no matter what his station or calling in life.

By 1861 the situation at the farm had changed. My mother had worked very hard for many years and borne her children. I think that the gas from the ovens may have affected her health. At any rate she was not enjoying the health of former years. Then, too, the boys, Gustave and Edward, were approaching manhood. The farm did not lend itself to a division for them. In truth, they hankered for the town where they had gone to school and where everything seemed much more to their liking. So it was decided to sell the farm and move to town. There my father started a wood yard—a poor business at best, as it is even now. It proved an exceptionally bad business for my father. He could never resist giving credit to poor people in need of fuel. He had lost many accounts in the brick yard because of this weakness and in the wood yard it was much worse. He was really a weak man on credits for he had too much faith in his fellow men. He had the first payments for the farm in hand and he wanted to put them out at interest. He made loans to people who never paid them

back; for example, to a man who won his sympathy through conversations about religion. My father directed his life by the Bible and believed that he should give his money to the poor without reckoning. Here my mother came in as a valuable check to his generosity. For instance, a widow, house-janitor for a very wealthy storekeeper, came to father and begged him for money as the sheriff was going to take all her belongings. He did not definitely say "Yes" or "No" but told her to come back the next day for his answer. At this point my mother stepped in and told my father that if he did not stop giving away his money, they themselves would soon be paupers, and that he must not constitute himself the dispenser of charity for the community. She said, "Leave that to me, I will relieve you of any further interviews with the widow". And so she did. When the woman came the next time she told her that they had themselves to work hard for their money and there was no hope of her paying them back. She closed the argument with these unanswerable words, "I must steel my heart against your pleadings and do the sensible and sane thing for myself and my family, as they come closer to me than you do." Thus, in the matter of business, my father and my mother were well matched. Father always relied on mother to assist him when any big deals were made and they made their plans together and carried them out together. Mother, as I have said, did the bookkeeping for the family. She was exceptionally quick and accurate with figures and father relied on her for facts and figures concerning his business deals. She had the will to hold herself to a decision once made and would not allow herself to be persuaded contrary to what had been decided upon.

On removal into town, the oldest sons, Gustave and Edward, were the main consideration. Gustave, the eldest, was small of stature and was therefore not forced

into the army. My father selected the distillery business for him, not without misgivings, for he was strongly opposed to drink, but consultation and argumentation with his friends satisfied him that he should not be narrow minded about it. Germany was a large exporter of alcohol, chiefly to the wine-cellars of France, and every large estate in those days manufactured large quantities of the article. The industry grew up naturally through changes in methods of farming. Shortly before this the three-crop rotation was in vogue but now that the land was becoming much more valuable it proved an extravagant way of farming. Larger estates and even smaller ones like my father's, put into effect the seven-crop rotation. This meant that one-seventh of the farm was put into potatoes. This crop largely took the place of the one-third summerfallow plan. One can imagine what a quantity of potatoes this brought into the market. They were very cheap and in order to make the crop profitable distilleries were built on the large farms where alcohol was made out of the potatoes. Gustave was given a thorough grounding in the work of scientific distilling. He was also educated in chemistry and coppersmithing which were collateral lines that would stand him in good stead. He made himself a master of these subjects. When he applied for a position under Count von Arnim, although there were fourteen other applicants, because of his high standing and his experience in farming he was selected. We all thought him a great man because he had many men under him, had his breakfast served in his room, and his boots blacked for him.

My brother Edward was a young man of fine physique and could not escape being conscripted into the army. My father sent him up for service before his time, at eighteen years of age, so that he would get over the three years of compulsory military service early without affecting his after career too much. There was a body of

a hundred dragoons stationed in town, and ex-cavalrymen were employed in father's brickyard. From these Edward learned early not only how to handle horses as in a manoeuvre but many of the feats in which the army men gloried. Father even had him take lessons. The result was that he stood out beyond his fellows in the dragoons of the town to which he was attached. I recall many of my brother's feats; here is one. With his full accoutrement, excepting his sword, Edward would make a rush at his horse from the rear, place his hands on the horse's hips and vault over it from rear to front, passing over its head and making a complete jump. Two men would be stationed in front of the horse, in case it should raise its head too high, in order to catch the jumper and save him from a fall. Once the Red Prince, Carl, the father of the Duchess of Connaught, was inspecting the dragoons and Edward was chosen by his commanding officer to show the prowess of the regiment. He had at the time a boil on his leg and protested that he must be excused. The officer said: "Meilicke, the word has gone out and you cannot and must not let us down". Edward gritted his teeth and went through the performance successfully. The Prince rode up to him and said: "My son, are you a circus-man?" Edward answered: "No, sir, I am a farmer."

On another occasion Edward was required, much to his embarrassment, to cross swords (the point being covered with a ball for practice) with a high officer reviewing the troops. The rest of the force watched, wide-eyed and open-mouthed. Blow was met with blow. Back and forth up the field and round and round they manoeuvred. Finally, Edward got the point of his sabre into the pit of the officer's arm and heaved him off his horse. In the fall the officer ripped the leg of his trousers with his spur. Edward immediately dismounted and began to make profuse apologies, fearing that the worst

was in store for him. The officer, however, sprang to his feet and said: "You have no apologies to make," and mounting his steed again he rode back to the officer in charge, threw him a gold coin and said: "Train more men like that."

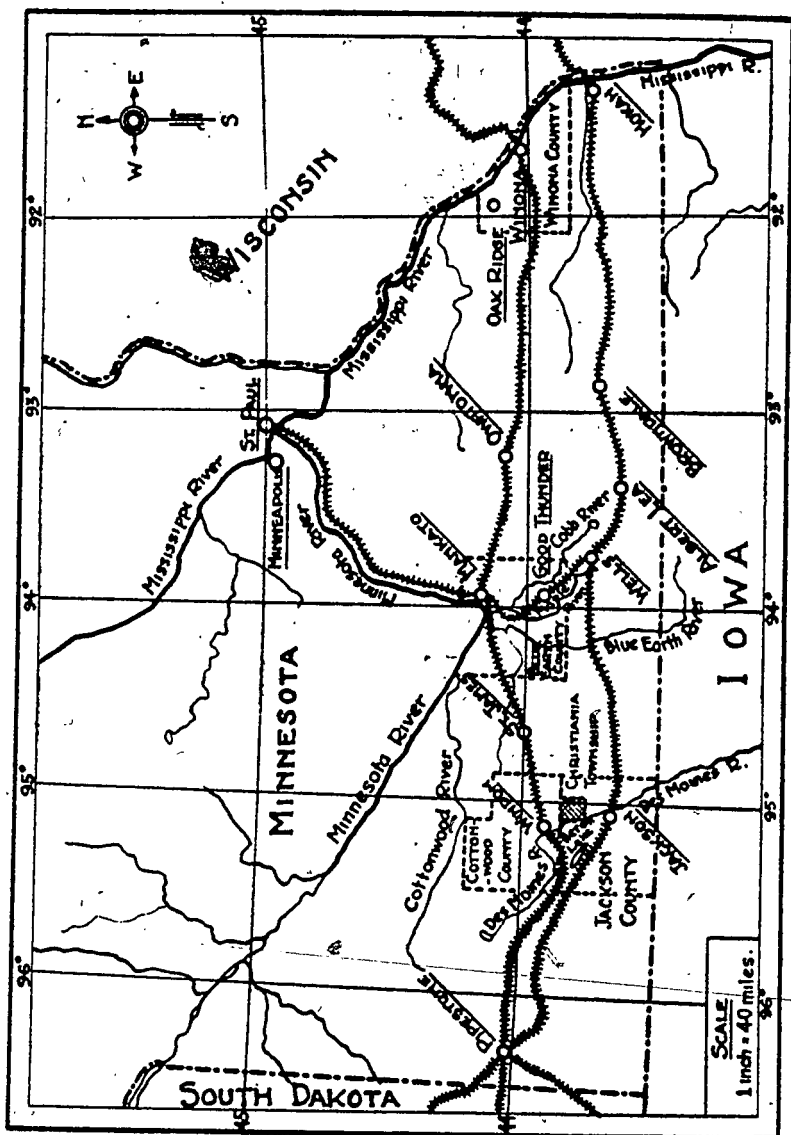
Meanwhile, I was at school. As our place was two miles out of town, I did not go to school until I was seven years of age, instead of six. My mother had taught me to read, so I lost little by the delay. We began, of course, with the three R's—reading, writing and 'rithmetic. To these were added geography and history. In these subjects we began with our own locality, then took the geography and history of Prussia, then of Germany and Europe, and finally the geography and history of the world. We were drilled in these thoroughly. I had to be able to go up to the blackboard and make maps of all the countries we studied and I believe I could do so now. I can visualize Brandenburg, in general shape like a butterfly, with the New Mark the eastern wing. The United States was easy, it was so square. In later years we had physics, geology and biology, and I laid the foundation of an interest in the early phases of the history of the human race which has continued with me to the present day. In my last year at school Latin and geometry were taken up. I must say I hated the Latin.

In school our work was much more thorough than seems to be the case in America. We were drilled by our teacher almost as if he were a Prussian sergeant. If we were stupid or negligent we would get a sound thrashing, but it was good for us, for I laid the foundation of my knowledge of the subjects studied and, best of all, grew really interested in them so that afterwards I could enjoy reading books on them. When we went to America, and teachers boarded with us, I was surprised at the little they knew of science, history and geography. The

drilling we got in languages and the use of words served me in good stead afterwards. Even the little Latin I got helped me to dig into the real meaning of words.

Suddenly my school days came to an end. Our family migrated to America.

PART II
THE UNITED STATES



MAP No 2
SOUTHERN MINNESOTA

Oak Ridge, Minnesota

Migration from Europe to the United States of America had reached a peak in 1854, three years after the Meilicke family first thought of abandoning their homeland and settling in that land of liberty. Indeed, as has been recorded, Mr. Meilicke's Uncle Julius and a party of friends did carry out their intention and cross the Atlantic. Thereafter, and especially during the Civil War, the volume of immigration declined. With peace it began to increase and reached another peak in 1874. It was in 1866 that the Meilickes actually migrated to America.

The immigrants were, in the main, of three nationalities, Irish, Norwegian and German. Mr. Meilicke will explain the reasons for the migration of his family. They are the causes usually ascribed to the whole migration,—the natural increase in the population, the difficulty of securing land for the sons of a large family, the oppressive system of conscription, and in some regions, the actual dread of war. Add to these the attraction of the open spaces of America, enhanced by the presence of relatives and friends already in the land overseas, and doing well, and the volume of the migration is explained. Other factors were the increased ease with which people could reach the spacious plains of the valley of the Mississippi, where many of the incoming settlers were occupying land. The long and distressing voyage by sailing ship was now a thing of the past, and steamship companies were offering a speedy and comparatively comfortable voyage across the ocean. In the decade before the Civil War, railways opened up this region. Immigrants, in a short space of time, could cross the ocean and detrain almost in sight of the fields they were to cultivate.

In the 'fifties Wisconsin had been the frontier. In the 'sixties it was Minnesota, on the west bank of the Mississippi. That State was rapidly becoming a great wheat raising area. Apart from the forest in the north, the scene it presented was open prairie, furnished with an ample supply of wood for building and fuel. The soil was eminently adapted to cereals. Farmers of two types were entering the new region, raw immigrants and experienced farmers, who were improving their position by selling at an en-

hanced price in Wisconsin, and beginning again as pioneers in Minnesota. The Meilicke family went first to relatives in Wisconsin, but settled at Oak Ridge, Minnesota. As will be seen, with a good education, sound principles and some capital, Mr. Meilicke early perceived and successfully practised the plan of selling out his improved property at a profit, and moving on to where land was cheap and could be developed and sold once more at a profit.—EDITOR.

MANY influences were at work leading my parents to turn eyes once more to America. The Austro-Prussian war broke out in the spring of 1866, and if the Austrians were victorious the New Mark would become once more the battleground of mighty forces. Then, too, there were four sons to be provided for. True, Gustave was well-placed, but the two younger sons, Emil (that is myself) and Herman would later be conscripted in turn into the army, and prospects beyond that were dull. Besides, my father's wood yard and his indiscreet loans were impoverishing him. It seemed wise, while money was still left, to cross to America, the land of the free, where one man was as good as another, and where the path to competency was open to all. The deciding factor was a letter from my uncle Julius, painting the American scene in rosy colours. One of my father's greatest friends, Mr. Dittmer, was eager to go, and my brother Edward, who was engaged to his daughter, would naturally follow when released from the army. Gustave was ready to sacrifice his fine position in the Count von Arnim's distillery. The fateful decision to go was made. My father procured, duly signed and sealed, a complete release from Prussian citizenship for himself and his sons, a release granted to but one in a thousand. It is one of my most cherished possessions. It released him and his sons from all military obligations.

Our property was sold at a great sacrifice, part only

being received in cash. Later we had great difficulty in getting the final payments.

Being then but a boy of thirteen I could not very well realize the suffering of my parents at parting from the scenes and the friends of their childhood. Certainly, they wept. All that I knew was that we were going to the land of adventure of which I had read in the pages of Ballantyne and Fenimore Cooper. I shocked a dear friend of the family who, with tears in his eyes, presented me with a fine bouquet of roses, by fixing them on the end of my stick and waving them in the air with unrestrained gaiety. I showed that I was stepping out into the land of liberty by taking my first smoke on the train. By the time we got to Berlin my head was bursting and I was seeing double. I reached Hamburg in a woebegone condition and did not dare tell my parents what was the matter.

We sailed July 14, 1866, on the steamship BORRUSSIA, one of the two steamers then owned by the Hamburg-America Packet Company. Naturally, my condition did not improve on the ocean. Apart from seasickness, the conditions on board were intolerable. The steamer was of no more than 5,500 tons, and tossed wildly on the waves of the Atlantic. There had been cholera in Hamburg and they kept below-decks constantly disinfected with chloride of lime. The smell of it was so penetrating that it got into the wood of my mother's cedar chest, and even after a good scrubbing it smelled of chloride of lime for weeks after landing. The ship was crowded, and the atmosphere below, with chloride of lime added, was insufferable. We all had to spend as much time as possible on the open deck. Immigration to America at that time was very heavy, and the steamship companies were scrambling for this lucrative business. The boat was loaded to the gunnels, as it were. There were no regulations such as we now have prescribing the

space required for each passenger. On account of the cholera at Hamburg, no one was allowed to land at Southhampton, and the small supply of fruits passed up in baskets with ropes attached left the ship short of supplies. When we arrived at New York after what was then considered a record trip of sixteen days, we all felt that we were being emancipated in more ways than one.

We disembarked at Castle Garden, which was then the immigrant depot. The place is now a public aquarium. Hotel men solicited us on every side. As we were all very hungry, my father closed with a man who promised to give us all we could eat. No matter how much food was brought it was not enough, for we were like ravenous wolves. At Chicago we stayed at a hotel in which the beds were infested with bugs. Mr. Dittmer could not sleep because of them. He got up, determined to go to the man of the house to complain. My father warned him not to go without evidence. He picked the bedbugs out of his beard and put them into an envelope. There was evidence in plenty.

During the Civil War the railroad companies had spent little or no money on their lines. Consequently the road-beds were in bad condition and the cars jolted all the way westward. There were no bunks to sleep in. The children were laid down on the floor in the aisle or between the seats. Once several of us tried an empty box-car where we thought we could lie down flat and get a little sleep. The terrific bumping made sleep impossible. We arrived at Heustisford, Wisconsin, in a wretched condition. There we went to friends of Mr. Dittmer; but a cousin, Frederick Meilicke, had come to meet us, and the following day we drove out to his father-in-law's place at Mayville. My father immediately went off to look over the country. He wanted to judge it thoroughly before going to where his brother

Julius, of Minnesota, lived, so as to decide wisely where to settle.

At Mayville, it appeared that we were all expected to make ourselves useful. My sister acted as nurse maid. Mother turned cook. Gustave and myself stepped right into the harvest field. Along with another boy, I was to follow the cradles, a light wooden attachment to the scythe, which gathered the wheat in bundles and dropped them. We had to do the binding and keep up with the mowing. The two of us were expected to do the work of one man. After the tobacco, the sea voyage and the train, I was in no condition to undertake this strenuous work, under a hot August sun. However, it had to be done. Soon my head was bursting and I felt weak and did not care what happened. At one of the turns round the field, I saw close by an inviting cornfield with pumpkins growing between the stalks. When next we came round, I made for the nice cool spot and flung myself in the cool green and lay there a long while. After resting until I felt better I went back and finished with the reapers. In Germany we had been used to five meals a day, but here they only served three, and those often late. I would grow terribly hungry.

After we had been at Mayville for about a month we received a letter from my father. He and Mr. Dittmer had inspected enough land, and decided that we were to come to them at Oak Ridge, Minnesota, where Uncle Julius lived. My mother and the younger children went by train, crossing the Mississippi at Winona and from there they travelled by stage northwestward. Gustave and myself, with our cousin, Frederick Meilicke, drove overland with provisions and some livestock that had been bought. We all began at Oak Ridge with high hopes. A new country with a government to our liking, plenty of land, plenty of work and a bright horizon before us—surely this was inspiration enough for young

hearts and even for the old folk it looked good, because the prospects were bright for their children. But here at Oak Ridge we were to have bitter experiences—more bitter than anything we had yet known.

The people of the neighborhood were very kind to us. They thought we were rich because we wore fine clothes, as we had been trained to do from childhood. Of course, we now had little money left, but we had come away with plenty of clothing and other equipment appropriate, as we thought, to our station in life. We found the Americans in the depth of the depression after the Civil War, and suffering from an inflation which had sent prices soaring. Their clothes were scanty and mean, and they had nothing but the bare necessities. They were surprised at our beautiful guns with chased barrels and what they considered needless and extravagant ornamentation.

At first we lived in a schoolhouse, for it was holiday time. Father believed that we should not buy at once, so he rented a farm. There a deep shadow began to pass over our happy family. My father grew sick with gallstones. Calmly preparing for the end, he bought a quarter section of farming land and, two miles from it, a quarter section of timber land, for we would need the timber with which to build. The farming part was fine land and well situated. Mr. Dittmer bought the farm adjoining ours, but as he was unable to get a house he and his family moved into the upper storey of ours on the rented farm, seven miles away. We had bought so late in the fall that our neighbors predicted that we would get very little ploughing done. My brother, Gustave, and myself started out in grim earnest. He was a crank on good farming, and if my plough deviated but a little from the straight I would have to start again. We would begin so early in the morning that we often commenced when we could scarcely find the plough.

However, we finished our ploughing in time, to the amazement of our neighbors. During the time that I was busy ploughing all day, it grieved me that I could not be near my sick father. We sent for a German doctor from Winona, a town eighteen miles away, though the cost was great. He could do nothing, for in those days they did not operate. When the end came, my father said that he was sorry that he could not leave more to mother and to us all; that he felt he had lived a Christian life and that he died with full confidence that his children would never be in want. In the depth of fall, we laid him away in a cemetery at the corner of our farm (the previous owner had given an acre for it). The land of hope had become for us a land of sorrow.

The death of my father was a terrible blow, for the family was ill-equipped to face the task of making good in a strange land without an experienced head. Gustave, who was ten years older than myself, stepped to the front and took charge. Then we had our old family friend, Mr. Dittmer, with us for advice. Later, my brother Edward got his release from the army and joined us, marrying Dittmer's daughter, who had waited for him. Our first task was to get the farm bought by my father into trim. There were sixty acres of grubbed and broken land on it—a very choice piece but in the rough state, with all the roots and stool grubs still on it. This was to be cleared. Logs for buildings could be cut on the timber land two miles away, and left to be hauled out in the coming winter. Firewood was obtained and hauled to the rented place where we lived, seven miles distant. As we grew more acquainted with conditions, we realized that the quarter section of farm land which father had bought was not sufficient, and we were able to buy eighty acres adjoining the place cheaply. This was exceptionally fine land, but we discovered later why we were able to buy it so cheaply. On this land, which



was at the back, there was a small house which we planned to move to the front of the farm. A bee was arranged. All kinds of misfortunes came on us the first day, and we could not bring it to its destination. The next day heavier chains and more oxen were secured and the house, drawn on skids, was placed on a small cellar hole, which we had dug and where we had kept fires going to thaw out the ground, for otherwise, with the house over it, the earth would have remained frozen far into the summer. The kitchen served as a living-room and dining-room. My mother and the younger children slept downstairs. Gustave and I climbed a ladder to the attic where the floor was no more than loose boards laid on the joists. We had to go on our knees to put on our clothes. We must have looked very pious. We were always so tired that we slept soundly.

When spring came we had to buy feed and seed for our farm. Due to the inflation, prices were exorbitant. We paid three dollars a bushel for seed wheat, one dollar a bushel for seed oats and eighteen dollars a ton for hay. At that we had to get it where we could find it and beg the vender to be good enough to let us have it. We were rather late in getting our crop in. The migratory pigeons descended on us in great flocks day and night, and if the sowing, which was done with a broadcast seeder, was not immediately harrowed, or if some one had not been on guard, they would not have left a kernel to grow.

As spring wore on, we thought we would finish the well which was on the eighty acres we had bought. We thought our predecessor had been too lazy to finish it, but we soon found out why he had sold so cheaply to us. He had gone down twelve feet through the clay and sandstone and struck the lime rock with which this ridge was underlain, then the sides had fallen in and water had gathered from the surface into the hole that was left. When this dried up, we began to dig and soon

struck the underlying lime rock. Of course, we could get no farther, for in those days there was no such thing as well-drilling machines to penetrate through the rock. Not a word did the man tell us of this. Such dealing was a surprise to simple people such as we were. I cannot help contrasting it with my experience at Woldenberg when I returned to visit my homeland in 1907. I went to the Prinz von Preussen, the best hotel in the town, and when I announced that I would be staying for a month or more, the landlady told me of a pleasant place and much cheaper, to which I might perhaps prefer to go. At Oak Ridge we missed the frankness and open dealings of the simple folk of rural Germany.

There was a water-hole on our farm which we used for watering the stock. From this we hauled water for the household. The water had to be strained, and we actually used it until green scum had formed on the pool. Here again we met with sharp practice. Some of our neighbors took advantage of us and drove their stock to the water-hole and speedily depleted the supply. Then we had to haul water for man and beast from a great distance. This was not our first experience of the sharp practices common in the country we had adopted. When we moved from the rented farm we had met with our first. The agreement was that the landlord was to pay us for our work and for the wood cut. He took full advantage of the helplessness of the widow and orphans and never a dollar did we get for our ploughing nor for the wood which we had hauled and split and piled up on his place. These cruel lessons were never forgotten. They taught us a caution which later saved us from many a pitfall.

We were now ready to begin breaking more of our own piece of ground. We had one span of horses and two yoke of oxen. These were hitched to the breaking plough which cut a twenty-inch furrow. One of the

horses, Jack, was balky. It was branded "C.D." which, of course, we could not interpret, but which we later found indicated that it had been condemned in the army. The man from whom we bought it did not tell us that this meant that it was not to be bought again by the army officials. When this horse got down to work it was all right, but the moment it had a little rest it became so high-spirited that unless it was allowed to go the minute the last trace was hitched it would not move. We tried every device to cure it but in vain. It was due to the cavalry experience of my brother Edward, who arrived later, that the horse was broken of its bad ways. Edward would mount the beast and ride it at full speed up and down the field of broken ground. This was turned over stool grubs and it was like galloping over a feather bed. When the horse was nearly exhausted, it was slipped into the harness and would start out and work well. Before we cured Jack of his bad habits, we felt that we had been taken in by the man from whom we bought him.

One of the oxen, Laurie as we called him, was what is known as a "breachy" ox. He would jump or dismantle any rail fence (there were no barbed wire fences in those days) to get into what he considered better pasture. I have watched the old ox pick the rails off, first with one horn and then with the other, just as cleverly as if he were human. On a hot, damp, muggy day the cattle seemed to sniff the cornfields from a distance. They would approach, with old Laurie in the lead, and would fairly urge him to open up the fence. As he had often been punished and belabored for this trick, he was very cautious. He would advance a step at a time, looking in every direction and sniffing the air and finally would approach the fence and lay it open. The law provided that anyone selling "breachy" cattle could be sued for the recovery of the purchase price, for it was a serious thing for a beast of this kind to open

the fences and let a whole herd into the fields. We were taken in, of course, when we bought Laurie.

Our oxen were otherwise well broken. For instance, the yoke we placed on the neck of the right ox, Laurie, first, and the bow inserted. Then the yoke was lifted up for Charlie, his mate. When he was told to come under and motioned to with the bow, even if he was lying down at a distance, he would rise, groaning and shaking his head, and reluctantly and slowly come and stick his head under the yoke—a heavy burden which he knew he would bear for the rest of the day. Then the bow was inserted and the day's work started. I often felt that old Charlie could not be blamed for his "largo" movement in coming under, for it was really a heavy task to which he was called. After a hard day's work the oxen would be turned out to feed. Old Charlie wore a bell so that he could be easily found, but the clever old beast would lie down in the brush and stretch his neck out on the ground so that the bell would not ring. Mounted on Jack, the balky horse, I would pass close by him again and again before I could find him.

My father, on his arrival, had loaned money to one of his cousins. He proved unable to pay it back, so he agreed to cut rails for us on our timber lot, two miles away, at so much apiece. Really we needed the rails more than the money. As we had more work than we could accomplish, we left him to follow his own devices. He chopped the rails in the ravines where they were straight and easy to cut and split, but when it came to hauling them out of these deep ravines it was practically impossible to get sleighs out. Four oxen were hitched to each sled and even then the loads had to be very light. We felt that we were beaten again, this time by a cousin.

The following winter my brother and I went out to work hauling logs from our timber lot for three buildings. These logs had to be twenty-four feet long and

perfectly straight. We had not learned anything about hauling timber in Germany and the work was new to us. We had difficulty in finding straight logs. We got the logs onto the sled, laying three on first with two more on top. The neighbors did this work with horses and chains and could have told us how to do it, but under the circumstances we were not inclined to ask neighbors for instruction and they left us to do it by hand. We took a lunch of bread and butter with us to the woods, but by noon this was frozen. With it we ate snowballs in place of drink. We had to stand knee-deep in snow and did not wear gum boots or arctics of any kind. We had been trained to wear good boots on Sunday and heavy well-oiled leather boots the rest of the week. A man who was friendly to us heard us complaining about the cold, and told us that we should not grease our boots in winter as this made them like glass and easily penetrated by the cold. He said that it was a wonder that our feet had not been frozen. Luckily this had not happened, as we had stamped in the snow or on logs to warm them.

Then we came on another piece of sharp practice at our expense. When we bought the farm we knew that there was a mortgage on it, held by a doctor, but the man who sold to us said that for the present the doctor would be satisfied with the payment of the interest and that we need not worry about it. When, however, he learned that many immigrants were coming, he felt that he had sold too soon and wanted to buy it back. Unknown to us he went to the doctor, bought the mortgage and foreclosed on us. One day the postmaster, who was friendly to us, told us that he had seen in a paper that the mortgage on our farm was foreclosed. In those days we had no investment companies to which we could go to refinance the mortgage. Mr. Dittmer put up the money to save the farm. He certainly was a good friend to us.

Various factors were at work inclining us to make a move. As I have said, we had bought everything at peak prices, but when we came to sell our grain we could get no more than seventy cents a bushel. Then, too, money which we expected from Germany did not arrive. When father sold his house and other property at Woldenberg, the purchasers had paid down some cash and the balance was being paid in instalments. When these people heard that father had died they stopped these payments and mother could get no money from them. She was obliged to take her case to the courts, but action was very slow, and for the time being the money was tied up. Then too, water was scarce at Oak Ridge. Immigrants were arriving, and we could sell at an enhanced price.

A cousin of ours, Gustave's brother-in-law, Schroeder, in Blue Earth county, reported that there was good farming land and cheap there, with fine meadows and pure water. This was proved by Gustave who visited that district. Besides, our farm was too small and did not lend itself to a division as indicated in my father's will. We decided, therefore, to move to that district. We sold our farm to some people from Duluth at a profit. As my brother Edward had married Mr. Dittmer's daughter, he stayed there. He afterwards became a miller.

Oak Ridge had been a land of sorrow to us and our grief was renewed at leaving behind us the grave of our beloved dead. It was a place of bitter experiences for, left in a strange land without the protection of a father's wisdom, we had been preyed upon by those with whom we had had dealings. It was, however, a place of growth, for I grew towards self-dependence, and I got my first lessons in the priceless art of divining the designs of those with whom I dealt and preparing to frustrate them.

Goodthunder, Blue Earth County, Minnesota

ON leaving our home at Oak Ridge, my mother and the two younger children took the train and travelled westward to Owatonna, which was the end of the steel at that time. From that station they took the stage to Mankato and thence to Goodthunder. My brother Gustave and I, with my cousin, Frederick Meilicke, trekked with the stock and equipment. We all met at my distant relative, Ferdinand Just's place, and the inspection of the country began. Soon Gustave and mother jointly bought a quarter section (I was still too young to be in the picture). The logs for the house they bought from Just, who helped them get them out during the winter. These were hauled to the mill. With the lumber we constructed our own buildings, planning on a large scale with everything elaborate to match. Mr. Schroeder, a mason of the neighborhood, did the plastering. The building was not finished upstairs. There I slept for years, and I attribute my robust health to the fresh air in plenty which I enjoyed in that upper storey.

The first crop on this place was fairly good, but after that wet years came and things went badly. I now realized that we had made a mistake in leaving the farm at Oak Ridge. At least the land was of the best even if the water was very scarce. By this time well drills had been invented and good wells were made at Oak Ridge. At Goodthunder the roads were often almost impassable, and we had difficulty in hauling grain to the town of Mankato and bringing supplies back. In wet weather the Maple River, to the west of us, which we had to cross, overflowed its banks and water lay everywhere.

There was no bridge over the river and it was too narrow for a ferry. We had to ford the river in the wagon. Once we very nearly lost our best horse in the mire. It fell and got its head under the water. Only quick action in cutting the traces saved the beast. On another occasion, cattle which had been bought from the Just farm across the river swam across to their old quarters and had to be brought back. The cattle got over the river, which was in flood, without trouble, but my horse lost its footing when the current struck it. I had taken the precaution of removing my boots and jacket, so I gave the horse rein, jumped into the stream and swam back to the bank. The horse made its way home riderless, to the consternation of my people. However, I had swum across, and soon met them rushing to my rescue.

Natural conditions were bad, and the management of the farm was not of the best. Several times the crop was held for better prices and losses were incurred. As labor was scarce, a header was purchased at the wrong time, for the seasons were too wet for it and the grain would crinkle, i.e., bend downwards about a foot from the head. Debt was incurred and it seemed hard to get free of it. I was so dissatisfied that I threatened to leave, and take up a homestead farther west. In the end, an arrangement was made whereby I stayed and farmed with my mother, while my brother Gustave went to Wells, Minnesota, where he started dairy farming. I was now at last my own master, young as I was.

The first year I raised six hundred bushels of barley and was fortunate enough to sell it immediately after threshing for fifty cents a bushel. I also had a fairly good crop of wheat and oats.

I had taken over all the obligations that stood against the family and began to pay these off. I felt that I could get much better results with a wire binder that had just been introduced. I had to purchase "on time" for I had

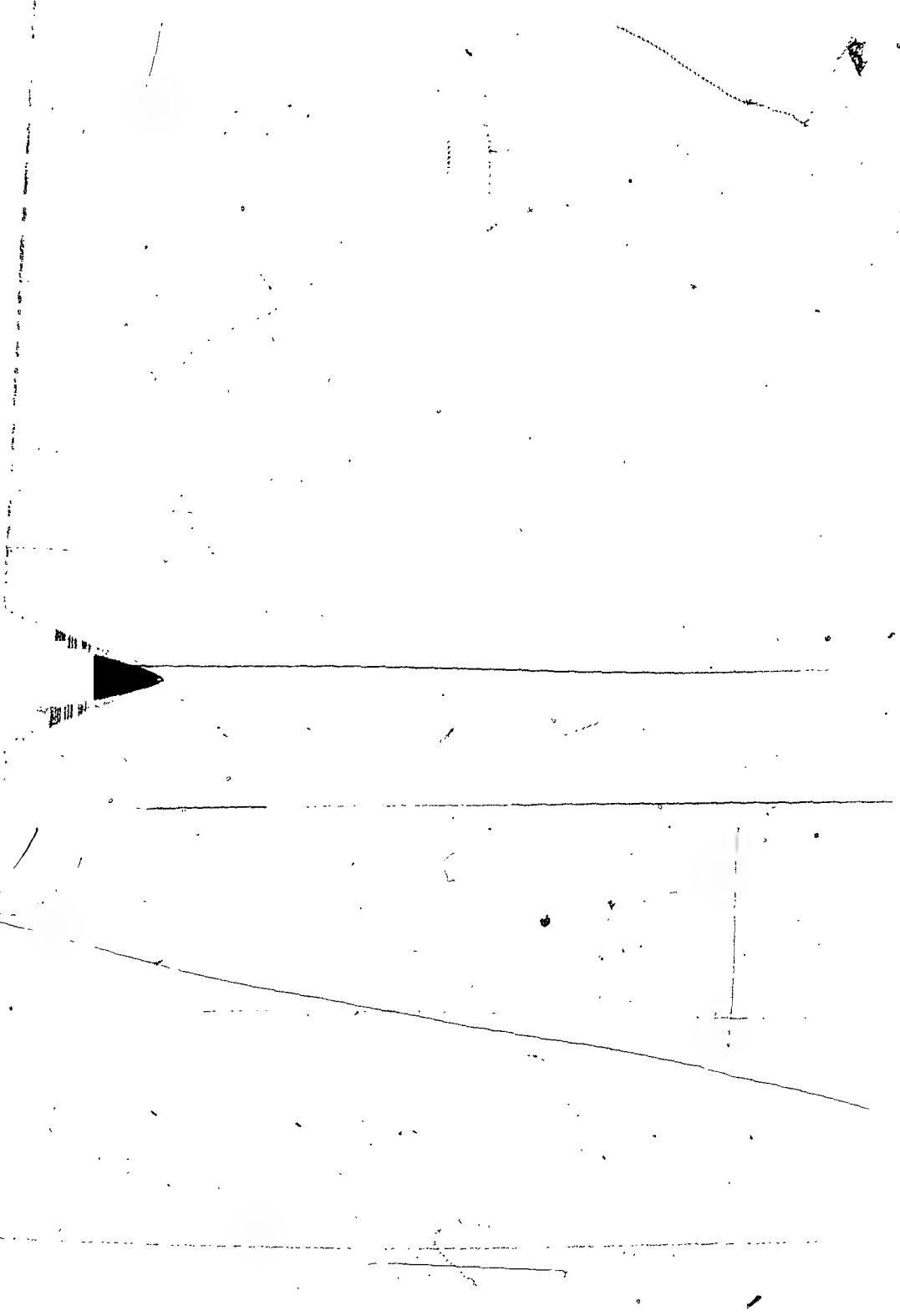
no money. All the farmers who bought machines of this kind had much difficulty with them, but I was able to make the machine work and got full satisfaction out of it.

I now began to think of marriage. I was well posted on the importance of inherited traits, and watched the girls of the neighborhood with a critical eye. It helped that we knew the relations of everyone in the neighborhood, and all about them. I decided to marry a healthy girl of good character and family, but I did not believe in long engagements. A neighbor, a widower, had some nice daughters. He liked me, and invited me to his house. Whenever I went to call on the young people he would engage me in an argument, for he was an Agnostic. One of his girls was very nice; but when I found out that her mother had gone insane, I would not have married that girl if she had been covered with gold. At last I decided on the young lady I wanted. I had known her since she was a little girl. As will be told, she had been a member of the Grange along with myself. At the educational and social meetings I got to know her worth, and I admired her brightness and spriteliness. She had as good a schooling as could be got in the country and was among the cleverest girls in the place. In the Grange she showed her social qualities and her ability to do things. I was carried away with admiration of her, and there had been the usual seeing the girl home at night and visitings.

We had a large house, and I had a room of my own. In it I had a mirror and some books and magazines. I also had a large imitation oil picture of Dante's Beatrice, which I had received as a premium. The girls of the neighborhood all knew this and called the girl in the picture my bride. As we were some distance from Man-kato, the neighbors did quite a lot of borrowing. On the 19th of July, 1876, my twenty-fourth birthday, the young lady (Wilhelmina Augusta Guderian) was her-



E. J. MEILICKE AND WILHELMINA GUDERIAN AT THEIR MARRIAGE.



name) was sent on an errand to our house. When I was talking with her she began to tease me about the picture in my room and said that the girls said it was my bride. I asked her if she would like to see it, and I took her to my room. She looked at the picture and said: "So this is your bride". I asked her if she really thought so, and I then took her to the mirror and had her look at her own reflection, and told her that there was my bride!

We were to have been married late that fall, but one very cold day, when my young lady was attending a little girl's funeral, she caught a bad cold which developed into inflammatory rheumatism. We feared that she would be crippled for life. However, she made a happy recovery, and in the spring we were married. My bride's people were Methodists, and at that time I was attending a Baptist church in the district. I was broad-minded and did not wish to be tied up with any narrow sect, so we were married by a Justice of the Peace. We have lived a happy life and today all our children are living, although we did not have the blessing of a preacher.

As it proved, my wife was a good housekeeper. She could cook and do any kind of work far better and quicker than any of the hired girls we engaged. She had been trained, like myself, to make every movement count, and to have things done quickly. Her father, Michael Guderian, had come from Germany. He had married a widow. They settled in Wisconsin and there my wife was born in 1859. Later they moved to Goodthunder, Minnesota, and were there when we came to the neighborhood. The old gentleman was completely Americanized. He was a great hunter and very fond of bird-life. He could turn his hand to almost anything, and passed on this happy faculty to his daughter, my wife. On the farm the reason I did well may have been that I, like her, got things done. So things went on happily in the big frame house on our farm, and culminated in the birth of

our first child, Hugo, on the second day of February, 1878.

At Oak Ridge and Goodthunder' my intellectual development really began. I learned English under great difficulties. There was only one English-speaking family at Oak Ridge. I went to school when there, but the boys were very mean to me because I could not speak English. (At recess I wrestled with them and proved their equal in athletics and they began to treat me better.) I only went for a few days. Besides, I could not be spared from the farm; there was so much work to do. At Goodthunder I went to school, but the need for me on the farm was again too great for me to continue. Books were very hard to get. I borrowed some from a man who had been a Baptist minister but was now an Agnostic, but I never could bring myself to his views. Later, when I was in the Populist Movement, I called on this old friend of mine, and saw that over half his books were destructive. I told him that if he was so clever he should direct his energy in other channels, and do something to help the world, as in all his years of preaching he had not converted one man to his views. At a tobacconist's at Mankato I managed to buy a German encyclopaedia very cheaply. It came in instalments, and in time I had the complete set. All the other boys had money with which to buy smokes. I did not smoke, so I asked mother to let me have an equivalent amount to spend on books. I realized that most of the neighbours were people of comparatively poor education, and I decided that no matter how tired I might be, I would make it a rule to read one hour a day.

The only time I would come in contact with people was in the threshing season, or when I went to get the mail. The postmaster was very kind to me. I could not learn English from the German people whom I knew for they could not speak properly. There was a clever

German doctor who followed us from Winona! He often gave evening lectures which were very instructive. I became well acquainted with him and learned much.

At Goodthunder, while a young man, my interest in the welfare of the farmers as a class, which was to lead me into public life, began. I joined the Grange. This movement was the first attempt to organize the farmers. It was a secret society devised for their protection. I joined the Grange at Goodthunder when I was but twenty-one years old and my English was still very imperfect. At first only Americans were in the movement. The Grange in our district had been formed the year before I joined. The President, Mr. Cook, was very high in the Masonic Order and conducted the meetings according to parliamentary procedure. This proved very beneficial to me. The meetings were for business, but proved beneficial also for educational and social intercourse. This also was good for me. Father Guderian saw that his daughter, Wilhelmina, could learn something there and she also joined, for farmers' wives and daughters could be members. The girls used to tease her about having her own reasons for joining.

There were initiation ceremonies, passwords, guards, and all that. Merchants were not allowed at the meetings, and this made them angry. Let me illustrate the way things went. If I was in a store or a lumber yard and heard another farmer who was buying something being overcharged, I could make signs to him and warn him not to purchase. Then we would get together and I would explain to him that I knew he was being cheated and would tell him where he could buy more cheaply. Members clubbed together and sent large orders to the wholesale houses, and in this way saved thirty per cent or more of the price demanded by the merchants. Naturally these were much opposed to the Grange. A teacher, named Moses, wrote a play taking off the

organization and the merchants put it on the stage, some of them taking part as actors. It was widely advertised and well attended. We went and found it a very amusing caricature, although it had a sting. Most of us took it as a great joke but some of the Grange members were annoyed. Once our branch, at the instance of the National Grange, got up a petition to have a canal made, I do not remember just where, which would lower the freight rates on grain. I was appointed to take this petition around to the farmers for their signature. I did well, for I got every man to sign. This was my first work for the movement, and I was then only twenty-two years of age.

My activity in the Grange may have led to my first office in the service of the public. The railway had come through Goodthunder, a branch running north from the main line and on the other side of the Maple River from us. We were now "honoured" with a station and two saloons. There were many Irish living there, and frequent arguments, not always peaceful, arose between them and the German settlers. These disputes were settled by a blacksmith who was elected constable. My friends asked me to stand for this office and I did so, somewhat reluctantly, and got the job. My first official duty was to arrest a young man who had committed a statutory offense. Then two butchers who were partners, one a German and the other an American, had a quarrel and it came to the court. I was ordered to pick a jury. As the case was between a German and an American, I chose six Germans who understood English and six Americans, and was commended by the judge for my choice. Once I had to serve a paper on a man about some trouble touching his work on the roads, in lieu of taxes. I watched for him and suddenly served the warrant on him, but I made the great mistake of simply

handing him the paper, whereas I should have read it to him. He got off on account of this error on my part.

Crops at Goodthunder were not very good because of the low ground and wet seasons. Then came a plague of grasshoppers. It was in 1876, and the people were celebrating the Fourth of July when something like a cloud appeared. Soon it drew near, and looked like snow flying in the air. The wings glistened in the sunshine. Then the grasshoppers descended to the earth. The first year they did not do much damage for the crops were far advanced, and the straw too hard for them. But they copulated and laid their eggs in the newly broken soil, and on the higher ground. The next two years the larvae came when everything was young and green and did great damage. I decided to get rid of the eggs and larvae as soon as I could. I ploughed the ground and exposed them, and the prairie chickens and other birds would eat them. We laid down straw and took brooms and swept them into it and set fire to the straw. This was when the crop was just up in the spring. On other people's farms, where they were not so careful, these destructive creatures did much damage. The Government paid so much a bushel for grasshoppers, and the Justice of the Peace had to measure them. Some people took sheets and dragged them across the fields, to collect the grasshoppers. The Government advised the use of tar and kerosene in a flat piece of sheet iron, six feet long with the edges turned up, dragged along the ground for the grasshoppers to jump into. A drop of the kerosene would kill a grasshopper, we were told. The damage in our district was not so great. West of us the homesteads were ruined. Especially in Jackson County the devastation was so complete that many Americans left the country. The Norwegians and Germans, who in a sense had nowhere to go, stayed. No one would go into that region, and land became very cheap. The third year

the grasshoppers flew away before copulating, and we never saw them again. As if the grasshoppers were not misfortune enough, black rust destroyed what little crop was left behind them. I decided to try to better myself by a move.

We had been ten years at Goodthunder. It was a time of great happiness for me. I had made a great number of friends and had married. I had grown in my mind, and felt that I was taking root in the country.

The Grange was organized by O. J. Kelley, after a tour of the agricultural south as a servant of the Department of Agriculture of Washington, made in 1866, the year of the arrival of the Meilicke family in America. The name, National Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry, was given to the organization, which was to relieve the farmers of their distresses, by protecting them from the monopolies created by merchants and railways. In the end, it became strictly a farmers' organization, with National, State and local organizations. The Granges gave an opportunity for organization on a wide scale in the interest of unity. The local Granges made it possible for the farmers of a district to purchase goods directly from the manufacturers, and to send their staple products to more extensive markets where better prices would prevail.

—EDITOR.

Christiania, Jackson County, Minnesota

EARLY in the spring of 1879, together with some of my friends, who like myself wanted to move to a better region, I started out to explore the country to the west where cheap land was available. One night we were overtaken by darkness and dense fog. Seeing a light, we drove to it and came on a small hut in which a Norwegian family lived. As I was the only one who had picked up a little Norwegian, I became spokesman, but found the people very reluctant to take us in, for just at that time the Jesse James and Younger brothers, a highway robber gang, were reported to be operating in the country. At last the family agreed to take us in. The woman of the house went on with her spinning and began to hum an old Norwegian choral which we used to sing in Germany. I joined in. This proved a perfect "sesame", for they perceived that we were not of the gang, and now gave us a hearty welcome. The hut could offer little accommodation. We were sent to the upper storey, but it was so low we had to crawl in on our hands and knees.

We made a careful inspection of the country around Windom, that is the counties of Cottonwood and Jackson. Along with my mother I bought three hundred and twenty acres, the north half of section twenty-one in the township of Christiania for \$5.50 per acre. We moved under depressing circumstances. I had put in a crop at the farm, which I proposed to sell, but could get nothing for it. I rented some eighty acres of new breaking so that I should have a crop for which I could get ready money. When I tried to sell this crop, I found that I could get no more than thirty-seven cents a bushel

for it. I then made the old mistake of waiting for a higher price, and stored it for seven months at the cost of a cent a bushel per month. In the end, I had to sell at the same thirty-seven cents a bushel, thus realizing only thirty cents costs paid. This experience made me wise. Soon we had our farm at Goodthunder sold at a good profit, twenty-five dollars an acre; and started for our new home seventy miles away. On the second day of our journey, as I was crossing a railway grade at St. James, five feet higher than the level of the ground, I found that the planks on the off-side of the crossing bridge had been removed and only the beams remained. An approaching train had hitherto been hidden from us by a grove of trees. Now it came thundering on. Swift as a flash I made my decision, whipped up the horses and ran down the grade with my wheels on the beams, which, fortunately, were the right distance apart. A very few inches nearer the rails and I would not have been dictating this story. The usual pantomime then came off. The engineer shook his fist at me and I shook mine at him.

Until we built our house we occupied an old set of buildings at a neighbour's, a Mr. Miller. My second son, Carl, was born on November 24, 1879. Mr. Schroeder, our good neighbour of Goodthunder days, had removed to Christiania with us, and we were spending Christmas Eve with his family when news came that my wife's mother was ill and not expected to live. Though it was snowing heavily, we started for home, made hasty preparations and left for Windom, our nearest station. By the time we took the train for Mankato the storm had become a wild blizzard. The train was stalled again and again, and we did not reach that town till the following day. With difficulty, we induced a livery man to take us out in a big cutter to Goodthunder, a distance of fifteen miles. I wrapped my wife and Hugo and baby Carl in buffalo robes. The snow was so deep that the

cutter was upset several times, but we managed to reach Mr. Bozine's, a friend who had married a Just, where we spent the night. Bozine did not dare face the storm with his own horses, so I crossed through the fields to Mr. Just, who had a fine pair of geldings, and he undertook to convey us the last seven miles to the Guderian home. My wife and children were packed between sacks of hay, and over and under buffalo robes in a bobsled, and we reached our destination through the fields, breaking down fences, only to find that the dear old lady was recovering.

The bother was now to get back home. That winter was known ever after as the "Big Snow Winter of 1880". The train by which we reached Mankato, on December 25th, was the last one that winter. In spite of many attempts, no train appeared till late in March, for blizzard succeeded blizzard. As no passengers would be taken, I hired out as a shoveller along with a hundred men (with the railroad company) to clear the track, but got sick of the job before we reached St. James, half way, when I decided that I could reach Windom on foot before the train. This I did with the help of an occasional lift. The road thence towards Schroeder's had been opened up. When it branched off to my home, I was helped by a track made by horses, shod with planking like snowshoes, which had passed towards my home, and I could walk in their tracks. When these came to an end, there was nothing for it but to strike off across the prairie. The snow was so deep that whenever I was tired and needed a rest I got it by standing still and leaning on the snow. When finally I spied the buildings of my place a strange scene presented itself. The snow, though it was late in March, almost covered all the out-buildings, sheds and barn. Finally I saw a glimmer of light from a window—for it was late at night. When I got to the door and rapped I heard my mother's voice.

I was inexpressibly glad to be at home once more. My mother was all wrapped up, with shawls, sitting near a lamp reading her Bible. The house was so cold her nose was dripping. Some broken wheat lay in a dish before her. There was little on the table for supper. Mother said that they were practically out of everything—no flour, no tea, coffee or sugar—and my younger brother, Herman, had gone to town to try to get some, while the hired man had left for his own home to save his family. As I looked around and saw the plight of my dear old mother it was too much for me. I broke down and wept. We ran into one another's arms, glad, of course, to be reunited, but grieved that such hardships should be endured. Mother then told me how they had made coffee out of cereals, baked in the oven, and had ground wheat in a coffee-mill for flour and dug the well, so to speak, out of the snow. This "Snow Winter of 1880" was the worst the country had ever seen and nothing like it has been experienced since.

The sudden disappearance of the buffalo from the prairies synchronized with this terrible winter. While undoubtedly the reckless shooting for the buffalo skins had much to do with it, this does not account sufficiently for the sudden vanishing of the herds. There is evidence tending to show that whole herds were covered by the snow, in the hollows in which they sought shelter, and perished. Such as may have survived would be unable to get down through the deep snow to pasture, and would die of starvation.—EDITOR.

This terrible winter, and the grasshoppers before it, led the people about Goodthunder, where I had spent the winter, to ask whether there were not pleasanter places farther afield. A meeting was held and it was decided to explore the possibilities of Washington and Oregon, then very widely advertised as the land of the blessed. I was chosen to visit the region and report. I was

further tempted to move on, because our little circle was depleted by the death of my brother Gustave's wife, and my near friend, Mr. Schroeder. Two friends from Goodthunder, Mr. Orrin Palmer and Mr. Bliss, joined me on their own account. The story of my journey is too long to be given here. It took six days and nights for the train to pass from Omaha to San Francisco. We took a boat thence to Portland, Oregon, where I examined the much-praised valley of the Willamette. It was very attractive. We then took a small steamer to the Dalles, and another beyond that obstruction to Fort Ainsworth, at the junction of the Snake and Columbia rivers. Another steamer took us up the Snake to New York Bar. By wagon, walking, and finally by train we reached Spokane. Mr. Bliss and Mr. Palmer rode with me across the Rockies to Fort Benton on the Missouri.

To me, personally, the ride through the Rockies will ever remain memorable, not only for the scenery, but for the hardships endured and the dangers incurred. Once, when crossing the Little Spokane River, Mr. Bliss almost lost his horse by drowning, which would have left us in a desperate plight. A man rowed us across in a boat. Two of the horses were tied to the boat, but Mr. Bliss's horse was left to swim for itself. In mid-stream it was forced down by the current onto a large tree, and drawn into the tangle of its branches. There it threshed and struggled, and we feared it would be lost to us. After a desperate fight for its life, it managed to get free. As we followed the narrow valley of the Coeur d'Alene River upwards, we had to cross the stream eighty times in a distance of seventy-five miles. It would have been impossible had our horses not been trained to their task. They would feel their way step by step on the rocks. The tall roan horse which I rode was very good at this, so the others would hang back while he led the way.

The voyage from Fort Benton by river-boat was a life of ease after our long ride, but it afforded scenes which are with me yet. On a particularly fine day, as the boat was rounding a bend in the river, there was a yell of "Buffaloes". At once all were on deck, and there, near the river bank, we saw a few of the shaggy primeval inhabitants of the prairie. This part of the country was very dry, in fact it was known as the "Bad Lands", and they had come to the river for water. Beyond the next bend in the river we came in full view of an enormous herd. There must have been eight thousand of them in one solid mass covering a wide area of ground. When the beasts saw the boat coming there was a stampede. The captain, knowing what might follow, put on full steam to get by them. However, he was a little late, for the solid mass of wild and snorting animals was making straight for the bank. Here there was a drop of fifteen feet. Those in front tried to stop, but the pressure from the rear drove them on until they were near the bank and the boat below. They braced their front legs and held back, but to no avail. Large chunks of earth tumbled sheer into the water below, bringing the buffaloes with them. The passengers were wild with delight at the sight, and already some of them had their rifles and revolvers ready for shooting. The Captain at once stayed them, warning everyone that the man that shot a buffalo would be put off. They obeyed insofar as only to shoot into the air, to make the stampede wilder. The buffalo poured down the bank into the river where some of them were buried by the earth caving in, while others came down on them and got into the stream. They snorted and plunged when they came up near the boat. One could have jumped on their backs and ridden them. There must have been five hundred in the river, but the boat was in front of most of them. The Captain wished to avoid them, for he was afraid that they would break

the paddle-wheel at the rear of the boat. However, we escaped that mishap. Soon the boat turned the bend, and what was probably the last big buffalo herd was lost to sight. My trip lasted four months, four weeks of which were given to the overland journey.

From Bismarck, North Dakota, I took a train to Mankato and Goodthunder. Everything considered, especially the low price of farm products, I advised the friends for whom I had taken the journey to Washington and Oregon that we would be ill-advised to move to the country beyond the Rockies.

My decision to remain in Minnesota proved wise. I gave up growing wheat to sell at forty to fifty cents and grew flax, for which I could get \$1.50 to \$2.00. Even that crop saw its failures, for a wilt developed and brought me losses, but of that, more later. In addition, I made good money threshing all through the district, but here credit is due to my wife, for the crowd often came home at noon, which meant meals on time for many mouths. Then too, we kept a herd of Holstein cows which gave quantities of milk. My wife and I did the milking. We would time ourselves and find that we could milk a cow in eight minutes.

At Windom a watermill was built on the Des Moines River by one Thomas Collins. Now I always had the grain milled for our own use, because I got back the shorts and bran as well. I took a load of grain to this mill, before it was completed, and was its first customer. In wet years the flour was not good and, as a result, the dough had to be worked very stiff to make it rise sufficiently, and it was no easy task to get good bread. Because my wife always got excellent bread whether the flour was good or poor, and never complained, we continued sending grain to the mill for grinding and to have the shorts and bran for our stock. Of course, the

credit for this must go to my wife. She made no small contribution to the growing prosperity of those years.

I now had some money at my command, and bought the half section to the north of our farm. This, with an additional hundred and twenty acres which I had purchased to the south, gave me the largest farm in the township.

All the while my self-education went on. I had learned to think for myself. Even in the matter of religion I had become self-dependent. I saw that I must think of God for myself, and must not accept any beliefs of Him that were not moral and reasonable. I could not believe that He would order the children of Israel to slaughter all the inhabitants of Canaan, young and old, except the virgins, as I would be shocked at myself if I were to give such a command. I saw that the Christian religion was not a sort of mysticism nor an emotion, but that its most valuable feature was its high moral standards, honesty, integrity, honour, and, above all, the will to do right by one's fellow men, and particularly those needing help. When I came to see that religion consisted essentially of reasonable thoughts of God and duty, I found peace. In this, I was far away from the religion of my mother and my brother, who had become Seventh Day Adventists, but I always respected their feelings. When I bought the half section north of my farm, I had wished to buy the whole section. My mother, who understood her Bible to foretell that the Turk-Russian war then raging was the indication of the near approach of the end of the world, protested that I should not buy so much land when the end was so near. I went so far towards respecting her feelings as to buy only half of the section. It was taking the Bible as literally inspired, and not using their reason, that led good religious people like my mother to accept the irrational beliefs of the Seventh Day Adventists.

In different ways I got help with my English. We made a point of having the teacher of our school district stay with us. She accompanied the children across the prairie to and from the school, for in the winter it was dangerous for them to go alone. With the teacher in the house, more English was spoken. One of the friends to whom I look back with the greatest happiness was Professor Lugger, of the State Experimental Farm at St. Paul. I had become accustomed to think out everything for myself, and when he had occasion to spend many weeks in my home, he understood me and became my fast friend. This is how it came about. I had been raising flax with great profit when a wilt developed and destroyed the crop. I studied and studied and examined the plants and saw that the wilt could not be caused through the soil becoming exhausted, as some said, because in cases where fine particles from the ground in which flax had been sown and had wilted, or the dust from the threshing of wilted flax had been blown on the rough prairie, the flax wilted when I broke the sod and planted on the virgin soil. I concluded that the disease was due to a fungus in the plant itself, and sent a report to the Experimental Station stating all that I had noticed. I told them that as flax sold at \$1.50 and over per bushel and wheat at only 50 cents, it was very important to us that a remedy should be found. The Station replied that they had no money to spend for experimentation out in the country. I could not rest satisfied with this. I sent an article to the paper and insisted that flax was of more value to the State of Minnesota than the onions and radishes and even the wheat, tried out in nearly every country in the world, on all of which much money was spent at the Experimental Station at St. Paul. I pointed out that in Germany when the potato bug appeared in a field (the seed potatoes had come from America) the Government had

confiscated the man's field, paid the man well for his crop and had covered the field with six inches of sawdust saturated with kerosene, and burned it out. Not content with that, they had printed detailed pictures of the field and of the bugs in the various stages of their development, and had posted these in the schools and prominent places so that the people could notify the Government that they might take steps to destroy the bugs. Other papers reprinted my article. After agitating for a whole season I took around a petition and succeeded in rousing the Government to action. Just at harvest time Professor Lugger of the Experimental Station was sent to me. He said that my petition worked like yeast with the Government. I showed him a field in which I had planted flax in different parts and he examined it with his microscope. He pronounced the disease to be a fungus growth similar to wheat rust. He said that I was correct in my assumption that the disease was in the stem, and that it was only the spores that appeared outside. He took samples away to the station where he had a machine which cut very thin slices of the stems for microscopic work, and high powered lenses and dyes from Germany to bring out the disease on his samples. He returned next year and remained throughout the summer making many and varied tests. He had shipped in all the anti-fungicides known, and he sowed the chemicals into the soil, but this did not rid us of the disease. He said that if we found a remedy we would be helpful to all countries. He, himself, found no successful treatment. During the many months that he spent on our farm observing and experimenting, he did much to develop my mind and increase my knowledge. He directed me to good books, mostly German, but also to English books. He was a living university to me. After that I bought an Encyclopaedia Britannica. It was the only article

I ever bought on the instalment plan. After two or three payments I paid the whole amount.

Next to Professor Lugger, I owe much to a group of well connected Englishmen that came to farm near Windom. When my children grew beyond our local school, I moved into that town and took a nice house and farm on its outskirts. It pleased me that they all were happy on the place, and did not loaf in the town. Carl, especially, devoted himself to inventions, and made out of materials to hand a fine model of a threshing machine which ran perfectly. The English people got to know me. I helped them with their business, and they helped me with their wide knowledge of the world, and their educated minds. It was through them that I began to read the English magazines.

Meanwhile, I was drawn into the agitation of the farmers for protection against big business. The Grange had been very good as far as it went, but it was too much a secret society, and not aggressive in public affairs. Besides, the churches were against it as a secret organization. In particular, the Lutheran church banned all secret societies and the major part of the population in our region was made up of Germans and Norwegians of the Lutheran faith. The preachers took a strong stand against The Grange. The depression in agriculture was now very great, and the future offered nothing brighter. Prices of all farm products were very low. Wheat, oats, rye and barley were bringing less than the cost of production. Cattle and hogs were a drug on the market. It seemed as if the farmers must submit to a very low standard of living. Everywhere there was unrest. Bankers, manufacturers and merchants, it was felt, were imposing unbearable conditions on the farmers. Organizations for self-protection were being formed by the farmers in different parts of the land. One of these was the Farmers' Alliance. No one in our

district knew anything about it. There was an Alliance paper printed in Iowa. I sent for it and posted myself on the particulars of the movement. I then sent for circulars with instructions about organizing. After I understood how to proceed, I rode all over the township and invited the farmers to my house for a meeting. I asked a Mr. Burbank, who was very well informed and happened to be visiting at my house, to address the meeting. A man, named Coglé, a Pennsylvania Dutchman, also spoke but he was a very crude orator. We organized that evening, January 27, 1882, and made a start. The Norwegian settlers had relatives in other parts of the country. They wrote to them of our movement, and when they wrote back for information, we sent them organization papers in their own language. I went all over the two counties, and assisted in organizing local branches of the Alliance. One very cold winter night when I was returning alone from one of the meetings I had to drive slowly. I had time to think, and I asked myself why I was doing all this work for nothing, and making enemies of the people who really amounted to something. I decided that as Christianity is founded on fair play and poverty, I must do my bit just like the missionaries who live in constant danger. This settled the question for me. I kept on and learned how to handle meetings and speak in public, and thus became prominent in our southern counties.

The first practical move was the formation of a group to force the merchants of Windom to set fairer prices on the merchandise bought by the farmers. Mr. A. Bliss, my brother Gustave, and myself, formulated a plan at the meeting to buy collectively, that is, to offer the combined purchases of the farmers of the township to the merchant who would give us the most for our money. Mr. Bliss, a Mr. Chestleson and myself were appointed as a committee to interview the storekeepers.

The merchants were aware of our intentions, and agreed among themselves to adhere to the old prices. Their excuse was that no concessions could be made to purchasers who were buying on credit. One merchant, Mr. John Hutton, broke away and met the committee's terms, and gave a discount of ten per cent on all purchases made by members of the group. However, he stipulated that the purchases must be made for cash. The matter was arranged with some difficulty through the bank. Friends and neighbours were obliged to guarantee the notes of some of the farmers who were financially weak. Mr. Hutton required each farmer to produce his card when purchases were made, and discounts demanded, to show that the purchaser was a member of the Christiania Township Alliance.

Also, a plan was formulated to buy implements direct from the factory. I knew a manufacturer in Mankato who made good ploughs and good cultivators. He had specialized in ploughs that scoured ^{deeply} in almost every kind of soil. It occurred to our Alliance that we might cut out all the middlemen, and get these ploughs and cultivators at the manufacturer's prices. The proposal was accepted by the manufacturer in Mankato. He shipped a consignment to me at Windom, I making cash payment for them, and I agreed to distribute the implements personally. All went well until some of the farmers began to make rather unreasonable demands. In addition to my guarantee of payment to the manufacturer, they required me to guarantee the machinery as well. This was more than could reasonably be expected of anyone, especially of one who had given so freely of his time and money. Our action in these two cases showed that if the farmers organized, they could eliminate the local merchant, and that it was in the interests of the merchants to deal with the farmers equitably. From

here on there was less cause for complaint against the merchants in the Windom district.

I insert here a piece of verse written by my brother Herman, not for its beauty, for it is no more than doggerel, written by a young German immigrant, but it shows the feelings of the farmers towards the railways, the bankers and the middlemen at large, and their faith in remedy through the Alliance.

My farmer friends, what shall we do
Injustice to suppress?
To which the farmers, we all know,
Are subject more or less?

With railroad Kings, and banker gents
And the monopolist,
And wheat at only fifty cents,
The Farmer can't exist.

With double charges on our freight,
And high toll at the mill,
And interest at an awful rate,
We're going fast down hill.

Through middlemen and usury,
By agents of all kind,
And that high-priced machinery,
We have been undermined.

If wheat or flax to town you take,
On weight they'll peel your hide,
Then figure up with a mistake,
But always on their side.

If eggs or butter you should sell,
They call your butter cheese,
Then take a knife and taste and smell,
But pay you what they please.

If mittens you should buy somewhere,
As buckskins you them get;
But when you take them home to wear,
They're sheepskin you just bet.

If maple sugar you should buy,
The clerk will swear it's pure,
But if you take it home to try
It's glucose to be sure.

So from all sides we're gagged and checked;
It is in fact a curse,
No laws from swindlers to protect,
It helps to fill their purse.

Lest we unite, help there is naught,
For it's a rule of old,
Our representatives are bought—
The farmer he is sold.

So the Alliance you must join,
And not be party men;
No! vote for men that take no coin,
As formerly they've been.

To join, no fees you have to hand,
And secrets there are none.
Religion you must understand,
'Tis business of your own.

Will you yet longer stand aside,
Withhold that mighty stroke,
It's against nature, against pride,
Throw off that shameful yoke.

So tarry not to join our club,
To put oppression down;
But help us hold our colors up,
And success us will crown.

Our Alliance also organized to improve the breed of our stock. A Mr. Hugh Paul, a wealthy Englishman, had imported into the district some high-grade horses and cattle. We negotiated with him and obtained a special group rate for the use of one of his finest sires, and thereby greatly improved the standard of our horses.

This activity in the local Alliance took me out into the wider sphere of the State and National organizations. In December, 1890, I was elected delegate of the Subordinate Farmers' Alliance of Jackson County, representing the Christiania township, to attend the annual meeting of the State Farmers' Alliance which was held in St. Paul on the 30th of that month. In the same capacity I attended the State Alliance, in convention in Harmony Hall, Minneapolis, on January 5, 1892. When the National Alliance, in co-operation with the National Grange, entered into the sphere of politics as the Populist Party, I was drawn into that movement also. In 1892 I was sent as the delegate to the National Convention of the People's Party which was held at Omaha on the 2nd of July. This convention was the sequel to the convention of the People's Party held in Cincinnati in 1891. The principles of this party were summed up in the phrase: "Equal rights for all and special privileges to none". The programme drawn up at Cincinnati avoided extremes. It was confined principally to questions of finance, land and transportation.

A—The right to make and issue money is a sovereign power to be maintained by the people for the common benefit; hence we demand the abolition of National banks and banks of issue, and as a substitute for National bank notes, we demand that legal tender Treasury notes be issued in sufficient volume to conduct the business of the country on a cash basis, without damage or especial advantage to any class or calling, such notes to be legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private, and such notes when demanded by the people shall be loaned to them at not more than two per cent per annum upon non-perishable

products, as indicated in the Sub-Treasury plan, and also upon real estate with proper limitation upon the quantity of land and amount of money.

B—We demand the free and unlimited coinage of silver.

C—We demand the passage of laws prohibiting alien ownership of land, and that Congress take prompt action to devise some plan to obtain all lands now owned by alien and foreign syndicates, and that all land held by railroads and other corporations in excess of such as is actually used and needed by them, be reclaimed by the Government, and held for actual settlers only.

D—Believing the doctrine of equal rights to all and special privileges to none, we demand that taxation—National, State or Municipal—shall not be used to build up one interest or class at the expense of another.

E—We demand that all revenues—National, State or County—shall be limited to the necessary expenses of the Government, economically and honestly administered.

F—We demand a just and equitable system of graduated tax on income.

G—We demand the most rigid, honest and just National control and supervision of the means of public communication and transportation, and if this control and supervision does not remove the abuses now existing, we demand the Government ownership of such means of communication and transportation.

H—We demand the election of President, Vice-President and United States Senators, by a direct vote of the people.

The People's Party was really born at the convention at Omaha, which I was privileged to attend. The Farmers' Alliance, The Grange and certain branches of Labor were there united under one banner.

My participation in this wide movement led to my being nominated for election to the Legislature of my own State, Minnesota, in the interest of the People's Party, though I did nothing to promote my nomination. The Populist movement was only being started, and was bitterly opposed by the two old parties, the Republicans and the Democrats. As a consequence, I was defeated. Yet in the national election, the Party secured more than a million votes.

In the State Legislature

In 1857-8 the Territory of Minnesota was organized as a State, and admitted into the Union. The Legislature was composed of two houses, the Senate and the House of Representatives, the members of the former being chosen for four years and of the latter for two. Every second election of members for the House of Representatives comes at the same time as the Presidential election, when the State issues are closely interlocked with the national policy of the two parties. The Governor has a veto which he must exercise within three days after a Bill has been passed. Mr. Meilicke, it will be seen, played a conspicuous, if short, role in one and then the other House, and one of his measures was killed by the veto of the Governor.

In general, the history of a frontier state began with ranching. Real estate speculators would follow, and secure control of the resources of the region. Their advertising and high-pressure salesmanship brought the settlers in, some in advance of, but most of them after the railways were built. Then came the merchants and other middlemen, creating the machinery of trade. The settlers, so distant from the manufacturing centres and from the markets, of necessity availed themselves of the trading and marketing systems established by the middlemen. These, however, were usually more concerned to amass an immediate fortune than to build up the welfare of the community at large. They created monopolies which held the farmers in their grip. When times were prosperous, the farmers were surprisingly tolerant of the system by which they lived and did business, but periods of depression brought revolts, and the attempt to throw off the shackles of the monopolists. In the period, from 1870-1880 the discontent found expression in The Grange and a number of regulating laws were passed, usually described as "Granger Acts". In the depression of the nineties the farmers placed their hope in the combination of all their organizations, The Grange and the Farmers' Alliance and so on, and organized a third Party, the Populist Party, for the purpose of freeing themselves from the increasingly firm grip of the monopolists. It was as representing the views of this, the Populist Party, that Mr. Meilicke played his

part in the House of Representatives and in the Senate. His ability to see things as they were, his quick perception of the remedy, his unchallenged integrity and his undaunted courage, gave him, during the short space of time before his migration to Canada, an important place in the struggle of the farmers of those days to win freedom and justice.—EDITOR.

IN the intermediate State elections there was less pressure on individuals to keep them in line with the several old parties than at the elections which synchronized with the Presidential election. At the State election of 1894, therefore, people felt freer to vote according to their convictions. Thus my chances at that election were much better than in 1892. Besides, the new party was better known and understood, and had a greater hold on the farmers.

It was a great help to me that I had saved the life of a child from drowning in the Des Moines River near my house at Windom.¹ After this people received me everywhere with a new friendliness.

I therefore allowed my friends to nominate me for election to the House of Representatives in the State Legislature under the banner of the People's Party. It was now not a fight between East and West, but between the distressed farmers and the Republican nominee of the big interests. I was greatly helped by a paper which we had established, though we knew well that we would never get any dividends from it; and I proved victorious at the polls.

By this time our movement had come to be known as the Populist Party. There were 114 members in the House of Representatives, only 9 of whom were Populists. Our little band could do little or nothing by

¹The deed which Mr. Meilicke refers to so casually was reported in the *Windom Citizen* as follows:

themselves, but I knew that there were men in the majority, reformers at heart, who were anxious to do something for the common people. Such men were ready to discuss and consider measures that would relieve the farmers in their distress. I addressed myself to the task of cultivating the friendship of all, but particularly of these men.

"DEED OF HEROISM

"MR. EMIL MEILICKE RESCUES A LITTLE GIRL FROM DROWNING

"Sunday afternoon two little girls were on the edge of the river near the mill, when one, the four-year-old daughter of Herman Jacoby, fell in the water. Her playmate gave the alarm by running some distance away to the home of Mr. E. J. Meilicke. On being apprised of the great danger Mr. Meilicke ran swiftly to the water's edge, and seeing the little girl twenty feet or more away from shore, being carried down by the rushing waters, jumped in, and swimming out to the fast disappearing little form secured her and brought her to land. Being overheated by the run, the cold water nearly paralyzed Mr. Meilicke, so that he was unable to climb the steep bank out of the water, and but for the timely assistance of Mrs. Meilicke he would have drowned; as it was, he was completely exhausted, and was assisted home by Geo. Letourneau.

"This was a brave act, just such a one as might be expected from a big-hearted, sympathetic gentleman as Mr. Meilicke is known to be."

For this act of great bravery (in which, by the way, Mrs. Meilicke played a part) Mr. Meilicke was presented with a gold medal which reads:

PRESENTED BY WINDOM LODGE, No. 70, K. OF P.

FOR BRAVERY

FOR RESCUING A CHILD FROM DROWNING IN THE
DES MOINES RIVER

APRIL 14, 1893

This medal Mr. Meilicke carries with him everywhere for identification in case of accident.—EDITOR.

I was greatly helped by a pamphlet entitled "A Gigantic Conspiracy". It summarized the results of an investigation made in 1892 by the State Federal Committee. It showed that laws, which pretended to protect the producers of grain, actually made it possible for the grain companies to rob the farmers. It quoted a statement made at the enquiry by Mr. Amsden, the manager of the Minneapolis and Northern Elevator Company, controlling one hundred and forty elevators, that the annual profits of his company ranged from 20 to 42 per cent. The profits of the Northern Pacific Company were stated to be 36 per cent, and the average profits, over six years, made by the North Western Company ranged from 22 to 28 per cent. A combination of elevator companies, it was stated, could fix the price paid for millions of bushels of grain, could establish, by State authority, arbitrary grades for export grain and could determine the grades at their elevators, thereby gaining unchecked control of the market. It was seen by many farmers that something would have to be done to break up this combine.

I therefore introduced "The Freedom of Market Bill" which was known as Bill No. 264. It was carefully drafted, with legal advice, and was reduced to the most condensed and concise form possible. I confess to having been proud of it. The Bill itself, as passed, and the suggestion of the nature of the arguments on either side, may be gathered from a report in a local newspaper of April 4, 1895.

The Meilicke Bill, making it unlawful to in any way combine to limit, or restrict the freedom of the markets, was passed in the House yesterday morning by a vote of 73—31.

Meilicke is a Populist and the Bill gives expression to the dogmas of his Party, though some of its points would recommend it, but it is principally objectionable in that there is an attempt to regulate private business, as evinced in the clause making it a

breach of law "to associate together and prescribe rates of commission for the traffic in food products". If made law, and enforced, it would abolish the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce, and all organizations of a kindred nature.

The Bill, as passed in its amended form, is as follows:

Section 1.—Any person or persons; any combination of persons, either as individuals or as members of a corporation; any corporation or association, organized, existing or doing business in this state; any quasi corporation or association or corporation of a quasi public character charged with a public duty, who separately, jointly or collectively, (1) monopolize the markets for food products, or interfere with or restrict the freedom of such markets, or the freedom of traffic in food products, or combine to limit the production or supply of any food product, or enter into any contract or agreement, restrictive of his or its business in the traffic, purchase or sale of food products, or to associate together and prescribe the rates of commission for the traffic in food products; (2) counsel, agree, countenance, solicit, allow or permit or do any act tending or intending to monopolize, interfere with or restrict the markets for food products, or the entire freedom of such markets and the free traffic in purchase or sale of food products, or agree together that said purchasers or either of them, shall purchase said products or any of them at such a price as shall enable said purchaser or purchasers to make an agreed sum or profit on such purchase; (3) make, formulate, declare, publish, prescribe, allow or permit, execute, enforce or attempt to execute or enforce any by-law, rule, regulation, order, compact or agreement which shall or may monopolize, interfere with or restrict the freedom of markets or freedom of traffic, purchase, or sale of food products, or which prevent, obstruct, prohibit, interfere with or restrict any person, association or partnership; or any member thereof, in the free traffic in, and purchase or sale of, any food product in his public or private capacity and duty to the public; (4) shall be guilty of conspiracy and punished by a fine of not less than one thousand (\$1,000) dollars or imprisonment in the state prison for not less than two years, or both such fine and imprisonment.

Section 2.—This Act shall take effect from and after its passage.

The Bill was drawn with the direct object of restricting the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce in its determination of rates

of commission, but its effects are so far reaching, that it applies to all Boards of Trade and similar organizations.

The conflict on the Bill in the House has been vigorously carried out, but each time the farmer element has been too strong. It has been their cry that the Bill was in the farmer's interest, and that for his relief it must be passed. The law compelled railroads to prescribe reasonable rates, and why should it not limit the right of the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce to establish such commission as it chose?

The House was shown by Mr. Robbin, that in this respect the Bill violated personal liberty, but small consideration was given the fact. Members of the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce were conspiring together in fixing a rate on grain commission whereby the farmer suffered, and the law should be called in to right the wrong. On this ground the House passed the Bill.

When the Bill was read its author asked that all partisanship be laid aside, and the merits of the Bill recognized. It had been characterized as a Populist measure, but it was not. Mr. Robbins replied that it was, and that no Republican should vote for it if he respected the principle of liberty his party had always advanced. To this Messrs. J. N. Jones and Jacobson replied, both claiming the Bill as a worthy Republican doctrine. The vote on the Bill was then taken and it was declared carried.

An interview published in the Minneapolis *Penny Press* on February 20, 1895, summarizes my arguments:

The *Penny Press* found the author of the Bill to-day engaged in dispatching a mass of correspondence, chief of which were letters from his constituents commending the Bill. Asked to state some of the reasons why the measure is demanded, Mr. Meilicke said:

I have ascertained beyond question that the people of this State do not enjoy freedom of markets; and are under a serious and despotie restraint of trade. It is quite well understood that in the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce, with headquarters in Room 18, is located what is called a Wheat Buyer's Union, composed of millers, elevator and commission men. The function of this organization is to allot the number of cars each member may receive, and it is also believed that the daily prices are made there. There is also in the same building a Grain Receiver's Association, whose object is not to buy in the country, but to force all grain

to come to Minneapolis. Now if this organization does not exist, and they do not manipulate nor interfere with the market as stated, my Bill would surely not interfere if it became a law.

It is a known fact that some commission men would gladly buy wheat on $\frac{1}{2}$ cent commission, but are prohibited by the following ruling, called Commission Rule No. 8, which anyone interested can find hanging in the Chamber of Commerce, serving as a sort of sword of Damocles over the heads of liberal buyers.

Following I give you rule 8:

The Board of Directors of the Chamber of Commerce, in session on the 19th inst., considered the question of the true meaning of Rule 8, of the rules of this Chamber of Commerce, called the "Commission Rule" with respect to charges by members for receiving and selling grain in this market, or for buying and shipping in here from the country and accounting for the same.

The decision of the Board is that the buying of track wheat in the country, for shipment to Minneapolis, by any member of this Chamber, or any firm represented here by a member of this Chamber, at a price less than a clear 1c a bushel below the Minneapolis market price, including freight, is a violation of the said "Commission Rule".

By order of the Board of Directors.

(sgd.) G. D. ROGERS,
Secretary.

Minneapolis, December 20, 1894.

Mr. Meilicke is satisfied that his Bill will be agreed to by the Committee, and hopes to enact it into a law."

The *Cottonwood County Citizen*, looking back upon the course of the Bill in the House, made the following favorable comments:

It is almost needless to say that Mr. Meilicke has acquitted himself in a way that has at once won him the respect of the House, and the applause of his farmer constituents. He was unflinching in his will, and determined of purpose. Attempts were made by the opposition to secure his support for certain measures, but nothing lured him from his duty.

He is frank and open in his business affairs and despises cute

and cunning methods of legislation. It is only through the indefatigable efforts of such men that the farmers can hope to secure reforms and just representation at the seat of government . . .

His Freedom of Market Bill, which he succeeded in passing through the House by a large majority in the face of bitter opposition by the Chamber of Commerce, was a signal triumph for him although it was rejected by the Senate. He fought it bravely and won honestly. The *St. Paul Dispatch* said of the Bill:

"The Meilicke Bill for the prevention of food combinations, which is aimed at the Minneapolis organization of grain brokers, went through the House this morning with a whoop. The Bill is a powerful measure and is very sweeping in its character. It is designed to prevent the commission men from forming a combination, or continuing the one they have now, to regulate the price for handling grain at an unreasonable figure, or to restrict the traffic in any way. THE BILL PREVENTS BOYCOTTS."

In his argument Mr. Meilicke admitted that his Bill was aimed at the Chamber of Commerce in Minneapolis. The object of the Chamber he declared to be the concentration of all the grain of the State in the elevators in the cities. Such a policy carried to a logical conclusion meant that all the independent elevators of the State would be driven out of business, and the grain placed in the hands of the line elevators. This was a conspiracy, and meant harm to the wheat raiser. Mr. Meilicke found fault with the rule of the Chamber which requires that wheat should be sold for at least a margin of 1 cent. Several years ago when wheat was worth 85 cents, the margin was 1 cent; to-day, with wheat at 45 to 50 cents, that margin remained, and any member failing to live up to it lost his membership. The conspiracy, Mr. Meilicke said, lay in the fact that the Chamber stood pledged to a certain schedule of commissions, which was unreasonable, and disproportionate to the value of the commodity handled. The commission is now 1 cent, but there was nothing to prevent the Chamber making it 2 cents or more. Asked whether the Chamber would be wiped out of existence if his Bill became a law, Mr. Meilicke replied in the negative. "If the Chamber wants to do business on business principles," he said, "and be fair to the farmers, there is no reason why my Bill should harm it."

He said further, "An organization had been formed, made up

of 72 elevator companies, for the purpose of forcing all grain to go to Minneapolis". This he characterized as a conspiracy against the farmers, and he said it was un-American for the Minneapolis men to say that they could not live if they had competition. He said the wheat growers have to compete with the cheap labor of India, and when they complained they were told to go into some other business. His advice to the elevator men was to go into banking, if they could not make a good living in a free market in buying wheat. He was surprised to find the elevator men admit there is a combination to fix the commission.

Here is what the *St. Paul Globe* said of Mr. Meilicke while he was in the House:

Emil J. Meilicke is a Populist member from Cottonwood county. He makes his home at Windom, and when actively at work is a farmer. His work this winter has been to pass a Bill to prevent and punish combinations who control the price of food products in Minnesota. Though laboring under the disadvantage of being a Populist in a Republican House, he succeeded in scoring a signal triumph by the passage of his Bill. Of course he had the united farmer vote behind him, and the able assistance of Jacobson, but the initiative and inspiration came from Meilicke's earnestness and unrelenting determination to force the issue. Ordinarily he is a quiet and attentive member, always in his seat and seldom talking, but when his Bill was up he was as alert as a cat and as bold as a wild boar."

The members of the Chamber of Commerce relied on the Senate to kill the Bill. The Senator for my part of the State was himself a member of the Chamber, and would not speak in favor of the Bill. The old trick of postponing an unacceptable measure till it was too late to be passed was tried. When I went to the Committee of the Senate which was to consider it, and the Chairman professed to be unable to find a copy of the Bill among his papers, an action which I fully anticipated, I produced printed copies from my pocket and the Committee was forced to consider it. I retained a lawyer to present the case for the Bill but he failed to appear. I fully believe that he had been bought off. Although I

was very dubious about facing all the lawyers and senators, I did the pleading myself. I was told that no one could have done better, that my earnestness had carried the day in the committee. The *St. Paul Globe* of April 16, 1895, commented on this episode in the following terms:

The Senate Grain and Warehouse Committee had a hearing last night upon the Meilicke Bill to prevent restraint in trade and shipment of food products. The author of the Bill, Meilicke, ably presented the claims for the measure and discussed it in a thorough manner and asked and answered questions in a manner that showed him able to discuss the measure in a way that was incontrovertible.

When the Bill was reported to the Senate it was pigeonholed. It would come up in the order of its number. This meant that it would not be reached before the session was concluded. On the last day, however, Senators had the right to call for one Bill each which must be voted on. To make doubly sure, I induced two senators to call for my Bill. When the vote came on the Bill was defeated by a majority of two. A very sane member of the Chamber of Commerce afterwards told me that my Bill had put large sums of money into the pockets of some of the Senators.

A Populist newspaper, *Donnelly's Representative*, of May 18, 1885, broke out in lamentations and maledictions such as were heard all through rural Minnesota.

The defeat of Meilicke's "Freedom of Market Bill" was another colossal crime on the part of that congregation of scallawags. It sought to enforce the constitution of the state and break up the meat rings, the wheat rings and the elevator rings, and all other trusts and combines. Its passage would have been worth millions of dollars to the producing class of Minnesota—but it was killed.

The Freedom of Market Bill was my greatest effort in the House of Representatives. I do not propose to give a history of all my doings in the House. It will be

enough to mention that there were none but medical men on the Board of Health, but hog cholera, a most contagious disease, was raging on the farms in the State south of us and I thought there should be an expert on it, to assist in protecting us and combatting it. I introduced a Bill designed to make the Senior Instructor of Veterinary Science an ex-officio member of the Board. It was passed by both Houses but vetoed by the Governor—as far as I can see simply because I was a Populist, and he did not wish the credit for passing the Bill to be given to me and my Party. In two years, hog cholera was raging all about me in southern Minnesota.

A Bill of mine aiming at relieving the people of the unjust burden of double taxation on mortgages failed to pass. In sharp contrast with this failure was my successful effort against certain vicious features of the "Traction Engine and Personal Injury Bill". It imposed some ridiculous duties on owners of steam threshing outfits.

In 1896 I stood for re-election to the House of Representatives. It was the year of a Presidential election and the Republicans brought great pressure on the people to vote the straight ticket. I was not fully aware of this, and did not exert myself as perhaps I should have done. I thought that I could depend on the farmers, after my efforts on their behalf, and practically confined myself to appealing to them by post on the basis of my two years of service.

The Populist Party had decided to support Mr. Bryan and free silver. Bryan was defeated in the great national struggle. So was I in my own little sphere. I must say that, on the whole, my opponents were fair to me and opposed me not without appreciation, as the following newspaper extract will show:

We appreciate all the good qualities of Mr. Meilicke, and have no word of censure for those men of the opposite party who have

nominated him as their standard bearer in the district. He deserves it at their hands. He represents their principles. He assists in the success of their ticket. Judge Laing represents a different school of thought. He assists in the maintenance of the principles of republicans, of good government, of sound money, and is entitled to the vote of every man who believes in those doctrines. Admitting Mr. Meilicke to be equally pure and clean with Mr. Laing, the latter represents the right doctrines of government according to republican belief, and we cannot think any republican will be untrue to his convictions when those convictions constitute the fundamental principles of this fight. It is no personal disparagement to Mr. Meilicke to be defeated. He honestly thinks his ideas of free silver are right, and we do not deny him that privilege, but republicans appeal to every man who believes in the protection of American industries and in a currency which is as sound and as staple as the flag which symbolizes the best government on the face of the earth, to stand by the man who stands by those principles.

After my defeat, I decided against continuing in politics. At best, the votes of all the Populists and Democrats in the constituency could not put me ~~in~~. I would always have to rely on a considerable body of Republicans. I might get them in the years when there was no Presidential election. I was not likely to get them when there was. The people were too indifferent, and politics was not a pleasant game for an honest man. Besides, I felt that further sacrifices were not practicable, in view of my modest means.

As the 1898 election approached, it appeared to the Populist Party that the Senator for our district, Eric Severson, could not be re-elected. Local newspapers suggested myself as the logical candidate for the State Senate. I wrote a letter to one of them to the effect that I had no previous knowledge of the suggestion, and that I would not stand. Many letters came to me from my friends urging reconsideration. It was only when it began to be widely suggested that it was possible that I had been bought off by the opposite party, and enquiry

proved that this was being said, that I consented to run. I was unanimously chosen by the People's Party. This time I exerted myself and was elected.

My chief effort in the Senate was in favour of a Bill (No. 101), which was intended to force the commission houses handling produce to carry a bond satisfactory to the State authorities, to assure farmers that regardless of what was shipped and at what price it was sold they would receive the money for their produce. It was the practice of unscrupulous individuals to start a commission business and to send out circular letters with imposing letterheads, asking the farmers to give them the task of handling their grain and other produce, and promising big prices and good service. But once in possession of the produce, they would delay payment till suits were entered against them, when they would abscond or declare themselves bankrupt. Many of these commission agents speculated with the money obtained from the sale of the produce, and when losses were incurred, passed these on to the farmer who had shipped his produce in good faith. The extreme injustice of these practices is apparent. The farmer had no means of ascertaining the reliability or trustworthiness of the commission house which was to handle his produce. He could only trust that they would deal fairly with him. If the commission house failed, the farmer to whom money was due had no recourse, except to sue a bankrupt firm for the recovery of the money. The Bill required bonds for good conduct to be put up with the Government, which would be confiscated in case of malpractice. Strange as it may seem, there was bitter opposition to such an equitable law, but the Bill was ultimately passed.

Another bill supported by me during my term in the Senate was one introduced by Senator Shaller, which amended a law already on the statute books, authorizing

the State to kill all dairy cattle infected with certain contagious diseases. It was provided that the owners of cattle thus killed should receive compensation from the State. The Bill also applied to horses. I induced Senator Shaller to add a proviso making it obligatory for the State to give a reasonable compensation to the owners of the horses also.

A Bill was introduced by Senator Grindeland to protect purchasers of seeds from the practice of selling seed too old to germinate. It was alleged that there were merchants who carried their unsold stock from year to year, and that sometimes it was four and five years old when sold. The Bill required the seed houses to mark the date of the production of the seed on the packages. It was argued by a town-bred Senator that seed never grew old—as witness seed taken from the Egyptian tombs. I exploded his argument by reading an article in a report of the English Royal Agricultural Society.

I introduced a Bill known as the Aquatic Fowl Bill. This made it unlawful to ship or offer for sale any wild waterfowl. Minnesota abounds in lakes, where tens of thousands of ducks, geese and swans were hatched yearly. Enterprising merchants sent “pot-hunters” into the State, who slaughtered the game wholesale, and sent it to eastern centres where enormous quantities were sold. In time, of course, the birds would be exterminated, and the State of Minnesota deprived of its natural asset. Heron Lake, in my county of Jackson, was one of the best lakes for shooting in the State, and I had definite information of the wholesale slaughter of birds on it. Similar Bills had been often introduced, but as often defeated. My political opponents pressed me to introduce the Bill again, expecting, as I inferred, that its failure to pass would throw discredit on me. The measure was needed, and I took steps which I expected would put my opponents in a quandary. I sent circular

letters to gun clubs all over the State, asking them to send petitions addressed to the representative from their part of the country, in favour of the Bill, but to forward the petitions to me. On the day of the final vote on the Bill these were piled high on my desk in the Chamber. Just before the debate came on, I had the petitions taken by the pages to the several members to whom they were addressed. This practically made it obligatory for these members to support the Bill, and, of course, left them no time to organize an opposition in the country. Other preparations were also taken by me, and the Bill became law. One factor in my favour was that it had usually been argued that if Minnesota prohibited the shooting of the wild fowl, the Province of Manitoba, to which the birds migrated, would get all the benefit, but representatives from Manitoba were present and gave the assurance that a similar Act would be passed in the Canadian province.

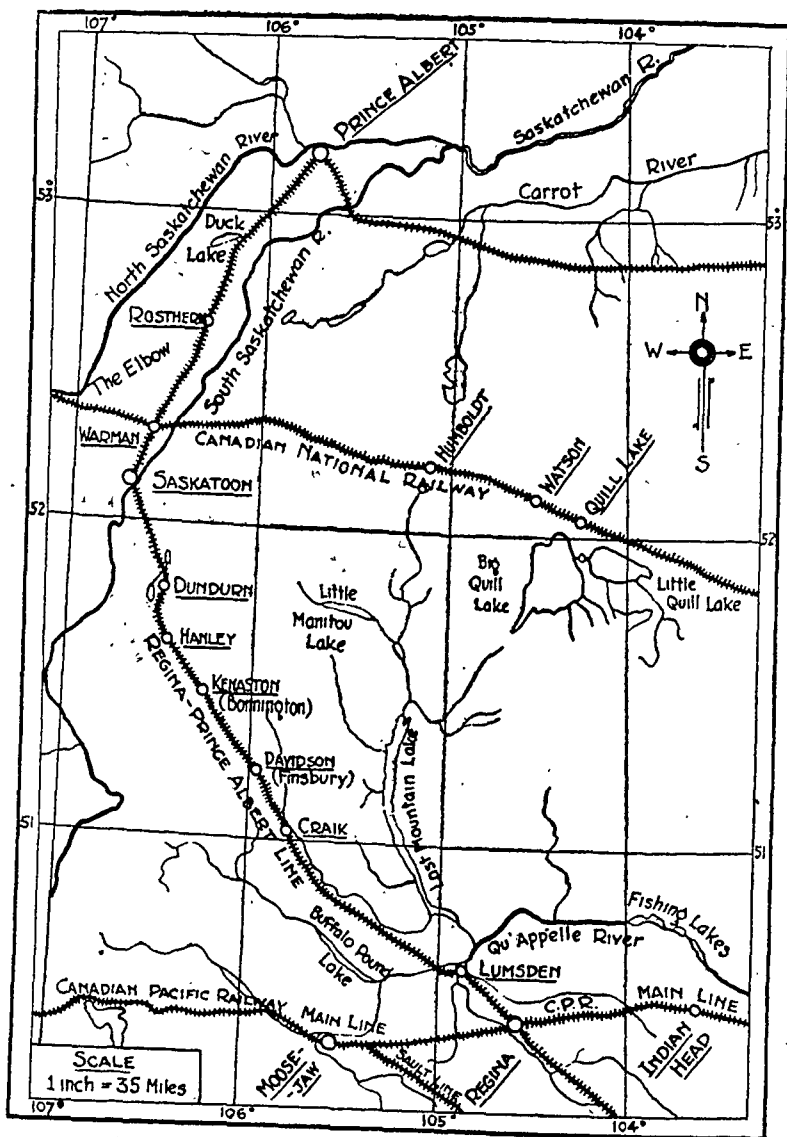
Mr. Meilicke's period of service in the Legislature of his State, interesting in itself, was of great importance for his own development. It brought him away from the farm, into relations with many types of men. In particular, it gave him an intimate insight into the methods of men who were colonizers and were making their wealth in the purchase of undeveloped lands and in their sale to incoming settlers. In the next phase of his career, he will be not only a farmer settler, but a dealer in real estate. It is characteristic of the man, however, that in this new phase he never lost the farmer's point of view, but in his real estate dealings with settlers considered their interests along with his own. It was surely something unique to have the seller of the land careful to see that the buyer was getting the worth of his money, and under such easy conditions that he (the buyer) was assured of success.

Moreover, the demonstration of his integrity under the trying conditions of life in the Legislature, and the manifestation of his great ability as a business man to a wider public, won for him a following which, trusting his honesty, his insight, and his organizing ability, migrated with him to prosperity in Canada.

It will also be seen that Mr. Meilicke's venture in Saskatchewan attracted the attention of men of means, who knew him as a public man and they, following in his footsteps, established the Saskatchewan Valley Land Company which brought settlers into the region round about his settlement at Dundurn, and transformed a large area south of Saskatoon from a no-man's land, to a prosperous grain-growing country. Thus Mr. Meilicke set a movement going which is of great import to the history of Central Saskatchewan.—EDITOR.



PART III
SASKATCHEWAN, CANADA



MAP No 3
CENTRAL SASKATCHEWAN
 (To Illustrate Part III)

Following the Gleam to a New Frontier

In order to understand the situation in Saskatchewan, as it was when Mr. Meilicke migrated to it, and to realize the import of his settlement there, it is necessary to take a view of the country as a whole. The Canadians came into possession of a princely domain when Rupert's Land was admitted into the Dominion in 1870. They knew little about the land, and still less about the climatic conditions which prevailed on the different prairie levels which constitute the Northwest. Thus they were unaware of the problems which must be solved before the land could be the scene of prosperous settlement. The one question of which they were conscious was that of transportation. This they answered by building the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Two types of settlers came in, the semi-farmer whose object was to improve his homestead, sell at an enhanced price and retire, and the genuine settler who intended to make his home in the new land and achieve prosperity, farming. Both were ignorant of the methods of farming necessitated by the limited moisture of the area which is now Saskatchewan. They thought that all that was necessary was to turn the prairie sod and sow their grain and then reap a golden harvest. They broadcasted their seed on the dry upper surface, where moisture was lacking, and germination was imperfect, and in the succession of dry years which characterized the 'eighties, they got very meagre returns. In these years, the semi-farmer real estate speculator left the country. Between 1886 and 1891 about as many people went out as came in. In 1885-6, the Bell Farm at Indian Head hit upon the principle of summer fallowing—ploughing in June when the soil would contain moisture, and retaining the moisture by subsequent cultivation—as a solution of the problem of farming under semi-arid conditions. It was announced as a great discovery, but it will be seen that Mr. Meilicke regarded the practice as almost as old as the hills. With better methods of cultivation, more diversified farming, and higher prices prevailing in the world market, farming in the Canadian Northwest began to pay. Add to these, the accession of the Liberal party to power under Sir Wilfred Laurier, and the intensive campaign to capture immigrants inaugurated by

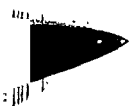
Clifford Sifton, and the rush of immigrants into the land is so far explained. From the point of view of this narrative, the fact that the American frontier of settlement had moved step by step westward, and had now come to the Canadian border, is important. American farmers, and men interested in speculation in farm lands, Mr. Meilicke among them, came, by the progress of settlement northwestward, to look across the border. Not only did Mr. Meilicke look. He came in.

Settlement naturally followed the railways. With the building of the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, settlers poured into the southern plain traversed by it. Those who farmed in the dry zone between Moose Jaw and Calgary, for example Sir Lester Kaye, met with dismal failure. It will be seen that Mr. Meilicke looked at this region in 1899, and turned away. The next railways to be built connected Calgary and Edmonton (1891), and again Regina and Prince Albert (1890). In the 'nineties, settlers poured into the region opened up by the Calgary-Edmonton line. In 1899 Mr. Meilicke inspected the country around Wetaskiwin and Edmonton. The land was good but, as will be seen, was not what he was looking for. He did not then look at the country traversed by the Regina-Prince Albert line. Apparently, good words had not been spoken about it. Such settlers as occupied its area, were to be found in the narrow limits of Regina and Lumsden, at one end, and at the other, between Rosthern and Prince Albert. The vast region between seemed to be condemned alike by God and man. No one had even tried to farm in that desert region. Yet in 1902, Mr. Meilicke chose it for his future home. He knew its limited rainfall. He made himself aware of the richness of its soil. Above all, he knew what expert farming could accomplish even under semi-arid conditions. He staked his fortune, and that of the men whom he brought in, on the accuracy of his judgment. As it proved, he knew what he was doing. His settlement at Dundurn flourished, and many settlers, winning courage from him, entered into what had been supposed to be a desert, and transformed it into one of the great grain-growing areas of the West. This great achievement of Mr. Meilicke's was not by luck, but was accomplished by sound knowledge and experience.—EDITOR.



SENATOR MELICNE

MRS. MELICKE



I HAD learned by my several moves from Oak Ridge to Good Thunder, and from Good Thunder to Christiana, that I could increase my fortune by selling my farm at an enhanced price, and starting again as a pioneer in a new district where land was cheap. From 1894 I was on the lookout for a suitable place in which to make a new start. In the early spring of that year I visited Texas and looked over the city of Galveston, then a flourishing port. I inspected the valley of the Brazos River, at that time advertised as "the Sugar-Bowl of the South". I was guided by Mr. Jones, the son of a former slave owner, who recounted to me many interesting experiences of his father as a slave owner. The valley proved to be very fertile, for rich alluvial land had been deposited by the river through countless ages. All the plantations formerly owned by the Southerners had been abandoned and their palatial mansions were rapidly falling into ruin. The sugar mills also had been abandoned and the land was now cultivated by negroes. The white people had found farming without slaves intolerable, and all who were able had moved to the cities and had rented their farms to the blacks. I concluded that this country offered greater possibilities than my own State of Minnesota. Cotton, corn and sugar cane could be grown at a profit, but the social conditions gave no promise of being congenial. The white people were still too proud to work the land themselves, and they looked down on any white family that tilled the soil as "poor white trash". I did not care to bring up my children under such conditions. Land was selling at from eight to ten dollars per acre. I was offered a prize farm of a thousand acres, known as Stratton Farm, at twelve dollars per acre. It was largely under cultivation, and had a good cedar rail fence. The farming, throughout the country, was being done by the negroes in a very primitive manner, usually with one

mule and a plough or cultivator. Already, some people from Iowa had moved in and had introduced modern machinery. The negroes greeted the advent of this machinery with amazement, for these northerners broke the soil with gang ploughs and cut the corn with mowing machines drawn by three, or four horses, whereas the negroes cut their crops by hand. There seemed to me to be possibilities of a conflict in this situation. I came away from Texas without making any purchase.

My next trip of inspection was to northern Minnesota. There I could have purchased certain swamp lands at a very reasonable price. These lands could be drained and were believed at the time to offer great opportunities. I concluded, however, that they would prove a poor investment.

I had learned much by my association in the Legislature with men of varied interests. Some of them had purchased land in North Dakota, as a real estate speculation, and had done well. I now enlarged my plan of getting cheap land for myself (on which to play the part of a pioneer), to include the purchase of land for others, and a profit to myself by its sale.

Meanwhile, my children were growing up. My eldest son, Hugo, had secured a position in a bank. This he followed up with the study of law at the University of Minnesota. Carl had finished high school, and the other children were well advanced with their education. I therefore moved my family back from Windom to my farm in the township of Christiania, and devoted myself to my duties on the farm. There were now three boys, Carl, Otto and Teddy, capable of doing farm work, and prospects were brighter for all of us, for conditions were improving. Farm produce was bringing higher prices, and farming conditions in general were very promising. While this was all to the good for us on our farm, I was not forgetful of my plan to move farther afield and

begin over again, all the more so as, with the general improvement in farm conditions, immigrants were pouring into the State and land values were rising. Now was the time to sell out and turn pioneer again elsewhere.

Meanwhile, my attention had been turned to the prairie land of the Canadian Northwest. I had been greatly impressed by the Canadian Agricultural Exhibit at the State Fair at St. Paul. The exhibit had been in charge of one Benjamin Davis, who gave me a great deal of information about that country and its agricultural possibilities. I followed this up by further investigation and, when in attendance at the Senate, I would drop in to see Davis who had opened a permanent office in St. Paul. It seemed incredible to me that such excellent crops could be grown so far north. I knew that corn, which was grown successfully in Jackson and Cottonwood counties, could not be grown two hundred miles further north, owing to the difference in the climates, and I wondered if good wheat could actually be grown a distance of five or six hundred miles from us, towards the North Pole. Davis guaranteed that the samples displayed were indeed those of crops grown in the Canadian Northwest, and reassured me by giving the locations in which they had actually been grown. When I hinted that land agents had not been above exhibiting unauthentic samples, he pointed out that he was no ordinary land agent but an employee of the Canadian Government, and that the samples shown had been supplied by that Government itself. My doubts were finally set at rest by a map in an Agricultural Report, printed by no less an authority than the Government of the United States. It showed the areas of the North American continent which were suitable for wheat farming. They extended far north into Western Canada. Further, the report stated that the finest quality of wheat and oats came from the northwestern

areas—in fact, from the northwestern limits of the grain growing regions.

The year after all this, Mr. Davis brought an exhibit to the little county fair at Windom. I met him there and told him that I wanted to make a trip for personal inspection of the wheat areas of northwestern Canada. He informed me that he believed that the Canadian Government was prepared to furnish free transportation to men of my type, looking for a place in which to settle; that the Government was very anxious to have experienced farmers brought into the Northwest, and was prepared not only to furnish transportation, but to have such prospective settlers conducted about the country.

About the same time, I learned that another farmer, Charlie Gowan of Jackson County, had been in correspondence with Canadian land agents, and was endeavouring to secure free transportation for a trip of inspection. His attention was centred on the Edmonton district, because he had a son there who, apparently, had written in high praise of the country. (Mr. Gowan, the father, later was elected mayor of Edmonton.) Mr. J. C. Koehn, who was an agent in our part of the State for Canadian land, heard that I was interested, and communicated the fact to the Minister of the Interior, Hon. Clifford Sifton. As a result, he was instructed to offer Mr. Gowan and myself a free trip to Canada. Mr. Koehn forthwith supplied us with letters of introduction, as semi-guests of the Canadian Government on a trip of inspection. We left for Canada before the harvest of 1899. We were told that we would be expected to make a report of conditions as we found them to the Immigration Agent at Winnipeg, Mr. J. Obed-Smith. I said that this was not agreeable to me, for if I found the country unsatisfactory I would not care to make a report in that sense after having accepted the Government's hospitality; that if I could go as a free agent I would

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speak of the land as I found it, and if it proved unsatisfactory for grain growing, say as little about that as possible. With this arrangement accepted, we left for Canada.

Our first stop was at Winnipeg, where we reported to the central land agent's office for the West. We visited several places in Manitoba, and then passed on to Moose Jaw. At that place the country seemed very dry, and I doubted whether there would be sufficient rainfall for grain farming. We then stopped at Calgary, which I found to be in a great stock-raising country. Here, also, the land looked very dry. From Calgary we travelled northwards. Several days were spent at Wetaskiwin and Edmonton, where our impressions were very favorable. Of course, I was looking for really cheap land, but in both places I found the price fairly high. There had been speculation in those districts, and good land was being held for high prices—higher than I felt a frontier country should command. Then too, I considered that the long rail haul to the market was a definite disadvantage to that region. Further, too much of the country was uneven, and was bush, and early frosts were not unknown. I returned to my home without making any purchase.

While I was away, all through the harvest, my wife acted as business manager at home. My second son, Carl, was offered a position in a bank, and she made the necessary enquiries, and came to the wise conclusion that the training would be of great value to him. Thus, though I was a Populist, and attacked the national banks for their many misdoings, I had two sons in banking concerns. Once I was faced with the charge that it was inconsistent in me. I replied that I intended to give my sons the best training I could, and that it must have been because the Populist's sons were abler

and more honest than the children of Republicans and Democrats that the banks had offered them the positions.

Then came Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's advocacy of Imperial trade protection. From my English friends, and the English papers and magazines which I read, I judged that he would be successful with his programme, which seemed very reasonable to me, and that Canadian wheat would have a protected market in England and sell at a good price. My attention was directed once more to Canada. I continued my enquiries as to the possibilities of the Northwest as a grain-growing area. I secured statistics issued by the Government of the rainfall, temperature, sunlight and what not, and considered the bearing of these on wheat farming. In June, 1901, I decided to offer my farm at Christiania for sale, and make a second trip to Canada. Land values in southern Minnesota were rising, for farmers from Iowa were beginning to buy land there for the growing of corn. They were making good money in the State of Iowa, from the interlocked businesses of corn farming and cattle and hog raising, but the price of land and the rents were rising, while comparatively cheap land could still be got in southern Minnesota. Our farm, most of which we bought at \$5.50 and \$8.00, was sold at \$32.00 per acre, \$1,000 in cash, and the balance when the abstract would be placed in the bank, showing the condition of the title.

I had often discussed my Canadian project with my son, Hugo, who was now studying law at the University of Minnesota. We decided to take a trip of inspection together, and were given free transportation. When we were about to leave, Messrs. Milo de Wolfe, Kout and Jeffers of Windom decided to join us. On the train I gave these gentlemen the benefit of such information as I had gathered. Although men of means, they were rather provincial in their outlook, and doubted that I could find

anything better than southern Minnesota. As we neared the boundary line, a Canadian gentleman boarded the train and, hearing our discussion, he joined us. Much to my satisfaction, he verified my statements about Canada.

It rained heavily when we were at Winnipeg, and the impression we gathered was that it was a city of "gumbo mud," and mosquitoes. We waited on Mr. Obed-Smith, and received further letters of introduction and instructions. West of Winnipeg we stopped at Grenfell, and from that point we drove north across the valley of the Qu'Appelle to look at a prairie township. While in this valley we were entertained by the Justice of the Peace, a man of remarkable character. He praised the area we had in view very highly, but it was covered with groves of poplar bush, and parts were underlain by a gravelly subsoil. On the whole, the land did not meet our requirements.

After the Qu'Appelle Valley we visited the Experimental Farm at Indian Head, where we saw very fine standing wheat. Part of the land we saw was for sale, but at a price too high to interest me. We saw farmers clearing stone from the land. It surprised us that they should spend money clearing this land when there was cheap acreage free from rocks available nearby. We were informed, however, that the stone was nearly all on the surface, and that this was especially fine wheat land, as indeed we later learned was actually the case.

We then journeyed to Saskatoon by way of Regina, and there approached the Temperance Colonization Society, which we were informed had suitable land. On the way to inspect the area being considered, the train stopped to do some switching at a siding called Dundurn, twenty-five miles south of Saskatoon and one hundred and thirty-six miles north of Regina, and we observed

that the land appeared to be very good. My son and I resolved to return to this place later.

Returning to Saskatoon I went north to the growing settlement of Rosthern, where farming operations were being conducted, and there visited Isaac Neufeld, an acquaintance who had formerly lived in Minnesota. It was the 19th of July, my birthday, and we were passing one of the Government wells. We stopped to test its water, but it proved none too good. Milo de Wolfe, of our party, spoke up and said: "Meilicke, this is your fiftieth birthday and we have something better than this water to drink." Whereat he brought out from his grip a bottle of very good wine. I said: "Milo, this is wonderful. I had forgotten all about this being my birthday, and to show you my appreciation I will turn a hand-spring right here on the road." This I did with a snap, on one hand. The reader will note that I did it before I had tasted the wine. A roar of laughter went up, and the wine was tested with due ceremony. Though I was fifty years of age, I was still a spritely pioneer.

From Neufeld's place we drove to the farm of Mr. Blume, who also was a settler from the Windom district. Here we saw a fine field of barley which had been sown very late in the season, but which, we were assured, would ripen in time to be harvested. We spent the night here, and next day explored the surrounding country. The cultivated areas were few and far between, and it was only by much travelling that we could verify the statements made in the pamphlets I had read. After returning to Rosthern, we hired a livery man to drive us into the country east and south. To the east we saw Mr. Robert Caswell's farm. On it were a considerable number of fruit trees, and some good standing crops. The Caswells were a fine family, and we enjoyed our visit very much. But here again I decided that there was too much bush, too many bluffs and sloughs to satisfy

me, for I wanted to run a long furrow, if possible, a furrow a mile long.

Boarding the train again, we went to Prince Albert, which was at that time the end of the line. The surrounding country was covered with bush, and, from a farming standpoint, was without interest for us. It was, however, a beautiful park country, bordered by the picturesque banks of the North Saskatchewan. On the river at the town we saw a steamboat, the MARQUESS, which used to ply between Edmonton and Prince Albert, and in early days descended the river as far as Grand Rapids. Many Indians, with their beads and trappings, were in evidence.

In our wanderings to and fro we saw the "Big Buffalo Stone", a limestone rock about sixteen feet in diameter. It stood on the bank of the North Saskatchewan, which we reached from Rosthern, and had been used by the buffalo as a rubbing stone. Its lower side was worn smooth as glass, polished by the grit in the wool of the animals. Large cracks had occurred in the top of this rock, but had become filled with earth. We dug into these, and found several Indian arrow-heads. In days of old the top of the rock had afforded a fine hiding place for the Indians who had lain, perhaps slept on it, waiting for the buffalo. When they would hear the animals scraping their itching hides on the rock, they would seize bow and arrow, and make their kill with a minimum of exertion.

When we got back to Saskatoon, we stopped at the old stone-built Queen's Hotel. There we carried on negotiations with the Temperance Colonization Society; first with Mr. Thomas Copland, and then with Mrs. Prendergrass. Both of these claimed to be agents of the Society, and we were in doubt as to which of the two should be consulted. After considerable discussion with our group I decided to wire Mr. Charles Powell, the head of the

Society in Toronto, for their best proposition on twenty sections of land. His reply stated that he would accept three dollars per acre, with fifteen per cent off for cash, for our choice of twenty sections, or, as an alternative, two dollars and fifty cents per acre, with the same percentage off for cash for their choice. We now had a concrete proposition before us. I wished to accept the offer, but Messrs. de Wolfe, Kout and Jeffers argued to the contrary. They said: "When there is but one wire on the telegraph poles you can just bet you are a long way from home." They further stressed the fact that this location was a tremendous distance from the market, and that there was too much land available to permit of the value of this particular part rising rapidly enough for us. I replied: "Fortune knocks at the door but once and this is the time." I made the proposal that if the other gentlemen did not care to settle there at that time, my family and I would do the pioneering work, and look after the interests of the group. I offered to choose three sections out of the twenty, and pay cash for them on the basis of three dollars an acre. My family would settle there and improve the property, and thus make money for us all. I urged them with all my powers of persuasion to close the deal on the basis of our choice of the sections at three dollars an acre, saying they were much better off financially than I, and that this was a wonderful opportunity which they should not miss. However, they could not be persuaded to accept. Finally I said: "Gentlemen, I am going to buy alone if you will not come in with me." At this, they agreed to offer two dollars and fifty cents per acre for twenty sections to be chosen by our group. This offer the Temperance Colonization Society rejected.

The following Saturday our group decided to drive from Saskatoon to Dundurn, and Jack Brawley was retained to make the trip. We drove as far as Garrison's

Bluff, and stopped there for the night. Garrison was a rancher and had a very fine herd of cattle, also an excellent crop of oats growing in very sandy soil. I was amazed at this, with a rainfall of but fourteen to sixteen inches. I attributed it to the fertility of the soil, and to the fact that the ground was sealed by frost for six months in the year, and that the meagre summer rainfall caused very little leaching of the soil. Early Sunday morning we set out for Dundurn. Coming in from the east we beheld a pleasing sight from the top of a hill. There lay a beautiful plain stretching out westward to Bright Water Lake, fringed to the west by a timber growth. My son and I, however, suppressed our jubilation, for we had learned that our companions had been playing us false. They had been doing some dealing on the side, both at Saskatoon and Prince Albert. When the Dominion had come into the rich domain of the Northwest, the Government had found it necessary to give the halfbreeds land, by way of quieting the title which they claimed. At first, reservations had been set aside for them, but these were not acceptable and proved a real hindrance to settlement. It was then arranged, in lieu of land in the reservations, to give the individual halfbreeds "scrip", that is, a paper which could be presented at the land title offices as good for some two hundred and forty acres, chosen from the even numbered sections wherever the holder wished, in any part of the country. Immediately previous to the Rebellion of 1885, scrip had been granted to the halfbreeds around Batoche, Duck Lake and Prince Albert. It became a profitable thing for land speculators to buy this scrip for a small sum and, in virtue of it, to claim lands which might be double and treble the value of the money paid. I surmised that my companions had been negotiating for the purchase of scrip, and that they proposed to secure by virtue of that scrip, the even-numbered

sections adjoining those which we expected to purchase from the Temperance Colonization Society. Only the odd-numbered sections could be purchased from the Society. The even-numbered sections were reserved for homesteads. Halfbreed scrip, however, could be located on land that was available for homesteads. My companions' plan, as I was afterwards informed by one of them, Mr. de Wolfe, was to buy scrip at one dollar and fifty cents per acre and secure with it the homesteads beside the land purchased by us, and sell at a large profit to the people I hoped to bring in. This would, of course, prevent those whom I would bring in from getting the free homesteads beside us. The unearned increment on this scrip-located land would bring fine profits to my companions, particularly as the odd sections adjoining, which we would be buying, were worth three dollars an acre at the outset. This situation put me in a very awkward position. There was, therefore, every reason for reticence regarding my true opinion of the Dundurn district.

On the road from Garrison's Bluff we saw fine herds of cattle grazing at large. We stopped for lunch at the cattle ranch of Mr. T. W. Richardson, who was the only settler near Dundurn. He had a small log house and, by way of experiment, had planted a little patch of two acres of wheat. It was fenced off with a split rail fence to protect it from the cattle (of the ranchers) that roamed the plain. The wheat appeared to be remarkably good. From Richardson's we drove to the Wilson Ranch on the "Black Strap Coulee", where we inspected their fine herd of cattle. Mr. de Wolfe, who was a cattle man, said that the steers were as well fattened on the "prairie wool", as many of the corn-fed cattle of Iowa. The Wilson brothers, men of a fine type, gave us much help, for they informed us fully and freely of their experiences in the cattle business. Russell and Archie Wilson drove us around the district.

My frame of mind during this trip of inspection may be best described as "tense". There was an element in the soil which all comers, as it would seem, had hitherto regarded as alkali. If this were so, it was no land for wheat. But I had my doubts. My decision on that point might mean supreme success, or might spell disaster to the modest wealth which my long years of toil had brought me. I kept scrutinizing the soil in an anxious attempt to make a true judgment. My actions are thus described by Mr. Russell Wilson in *Narratives of Saskatoon by men of the City* (p. 54), "Mr. Meilicke would take a handful of soil and go behind some bush or barn and submit it to a test of some kind." A land inspector who was with the party secured samples of the subsoil with a two-inch auger. All that was wanted was a little acid to make a decisive test. It dawned on me that domestic vinegar would do. The only dwelling in all those parts was the little house of the section boss. The good woman of that home gave me some vinegar and a saucer in which to test a sample of the subsoil. I poured the acid on and it fizzed. As I watched it fizz, all tension of mind passed away. My decision was made. The element in the soil was not alkali, but "marl", a type of soil consisting of clay mixed with carbonate of lime, forming a loose unconsolidated mass, and valuable as a fertilizer. This meant not only that it was good wheat land, but the best of wheat land, for it was what we call "warm", that is, the wheat would mature more quickly than in the heavier soils and so would escape frost.

My son and I concluded that Dundurn was the locality for us. There was plenty of hay in the marshes, timber for firewood and good wheat land, also good hunting. The area available was close to the station, and that meant that we would get our grain to the elevator straight from the field, and at the lowest possible cost. It was close to the village of Saskatoon, which would be

a great advantage in the early stages of settlement. But we made a point of keeping our own counsel, fearful of what our companions, with their scrip, might do to injure our plans. I was put in a somewhat difficult position by not receiving a telegram from my banker at Windom—"Deal O.K."—meaning that the deal over the sale of my farm was completed. I was later informed that the banker was in secret co-operation with my companions, and withheld the message, as he supposed, in their interests. When the hour came for these men to leave for home, they so far showed their hand as to be exceedingly anxious to know if I intended to buy land at Dundurn. I replied evasively that I might go north to inspect the Carrot River and Stoney Creek district, of which we had heard good reports, also that settlers were already moving in. My companions left for the south, and my son and I for the north, meaning by that, Saskatoon. We put ourselves immediately into communication with Mr. Copland. Several "land scrippers" in the village were very inquisitive, and enquired persistently whether we would settle in the district of Dundurn. We knew well what they were after, and were prepared to outwit them.

We quietly returned to Dundurn and hired a rig from Mr. Richardson, and did our own cruising, making field notes of the sections which we intended to buy, or to take options on if this could be arranged. Mr. W. H. Sinclair, formerly of the Northwest Mounted Police, tried to obtain information regarding our plans through Mr. Potter, the section boss at Dundurn, and whether or not we were going to buy land there. Potter put him off with discouraging remarks. He drove us through Bright Water Creek to the Dundurn post office, and the ranchers' schoolhouse, three miles out in the bush to the west, as they then were. While crossing the creek we were obliged to sit on the back of the seat, with our feet

on the seat itself, to avoid getting wet. In the marsh, to the west of the station, we saw thousands of ducks. When we returned to Saskatoon we found that the telegram announcing the completion of the sale of my farm had even then not arrived. I was in a great quandary. Nevertheless, I finally closed the deal with the Temperance Colonization Society through its agent, Mr. Copland, and paid down a small sum of money—twenty-five dollars, in fact—which I felt I could afford to lose in case my Windom farm had not been sold. A memorandum received from the Society, covering the land purchased, is printed among the appendices at page —..... The total at this point was four and three-quarter sections for \$9,054.45, and one and one-half sections, first payments for which came to \$997.92—in all, \$10,052.37.

I found Mr. Copland to be a man in whom I could put implicit trust, and my son Hugo agreed with me. The extent of the trust which I put in him may be gathered from a letter written from Windom on August 15, 1901, which runs in part. (the italics are mine):

Yours of the 9th is at hand and I am glad you were able to get the boys, Otto and Carl, located on the places we chose for them. In regard to the scrip; we will take this one and ten more at the same price; we will even go as high as \$3.25 if it is necessary in order to get them. You may locate this one that you have purchased, near Dundurn or Saskatoon, wherever you think best. *The money for the scrip, and fees for your trouble, you may draw on from the Bank of Montreal at Regina, where we have left money to your credit. When that is gone, you may make us a statement, and we will send more.*

Copland had a long full beard, and spoke with a burr. In looks he was a typical Scotsman. Mrs. Copland was a nice old lady. Copland's vision was limited by his long sojourn in such a small community as Saskatoon. He had come to it with high hopes. His disillusionment stayed long with him. At this time, he could not see that

the land would ever increase in value. However, he soon learned. He was a stern man, reliable, honest, and as solid as a rock. No meanness was to be found in him. The agent directing settlers to their land could collect three cents an acre as a commission. I had found the land for myself, and did not know about the commission. Copland might have taken the money and said nothing. On the contrary, he offered me the commission. I declined it, and then we compromised by sharing equally.

When I saw how the "scrippers" would scrip the land adjoining my purchases, I appointed Copland my agent to lay claim to the land for homesteads, which was permissible by law, that is, the homesteader did not need to go in person. I sent him a list of homesteaders, farmers of Minnesota, with the money, \$10.00 for the homestead fee and \$5.00 for his commission. I knew that he would find special relish in thus defeating the "scrippers", for Sinclair, chief among them, and Copland, were at daggers drawn. In distributing the homesteads, I arranged that the lands should be given, according to their quality, to the homesteaders in the order of their applications.

Immediately upon obtaining our land, we returned to Minnesota filled with facts, and loaded down with samples of every kind. We called a meeting in our house at the Windom farm.* Such was the success of this

*Mr. Hugo Meilicke refers to this meeting in the following terms:

I listened with interest, and occasionally added my bit to father's effort to sell Canada to his friends. When I look back on it now I realize how strong was father's confidence, and how convincing his arguments and that it was no wonder they said then and there that if the new land was good enough for him, it was good enough for them. People at once began to buy land on the strength of father's words. It was now easy to see why the Temperance Colonization Society wanted to raise the price of land, for they felt that they could get higher prices as soon as the settlement was begun with father for leader.—EDITOR.



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meeting, and ~~so~~ many were prepared to take land in Canada on my advice, that I was overwhelmed at the responsibility resting on me. I felt that I must see to it that our plans were safeguarded from every possible menace. Quite apart from the "scrippers", there was the practical certainty that the Temperance Colonization Society, profiting by my revelation of the value of their land, would raise the price even for myself. This, I felt, would have been grossly unfair for they had had their reservation for almost twenty years and done nothing to discover its value. I had discovered the worth of the land, and could not allow the reward to be snatched out of my hand. My harvest was calling for me, but very much bigger things were in sight, and there was not a day to be lost. My colleagues were against all this hurry, but I have always believed that given a wise scheme, quick action is a prime element making for success. I left my capable wife to take supreme charge of the harvesting, and my young sons to help her, and I took the train for Toronto, determined to bind the Temperance Colonization Society to me on a large scale, and to forestall it raising prices. I went to Mr. Powell's office on Spadina Avenue, an old-time building with no more on the bottom floor than a dingy front office, and a dingier back one, but could not find my man. At last I ran him to earth and persuaded him to give me an option on 20,000 acres at the price already agreed on. I was none too soon, for on September 20th of that year, 1901, the Society raised the price of its lands. Quick action had saved our scheme. I returned to Minnesota reassured.

Simultaneously with the buying and selling of the land I began to locate homesteads through my attorney, Mr. Copland, as already stated, before the scrippers, who were waiting like cats watching mice, could locate their halfbreed scrip. The following letter from Mr.

Copland, dated August 17, 1901, shows that I was none too soon in doing this.

I have made homestead entries for B. E. Schmidt . . . Edward Meilicke . . . and Edward Emil Meilicke."

"I have seen J. Leslie regarding 34 and he has *promised it to Messrs. Kout and Jeffers*, but if they do not remit at once he says he will let me have it for you at \$2.00 per acre as far as he controls it. He has sold the Southwest quarter to Mr. Tucker here, and that will cost more if we can get it at all. Leslie also claims to "control" 480 acres of Section 2. I think there is some bluff in this, will find out. One thing, however, I have found out, viz., *Messrs. Jeffers and Kout are corresponding with him* and he says they want six sections around Dundurn. Things should be managed so that these gentlemen and you are not bidding against each other or against any of your friends. You should see them. The fact that they are wanting to buy there has put the scrippers in a flutter, and the report is again in circulation that Scrip is selling for \$2.00 per acre.

And again on August 28, 1901:

Our scripping friends claimed some lands which I think they will find belong to your friends as Homesteads, and on the whole, if they must place scrip near where we don't want it, they must not wince if they get the worst lands. I am not quite sure that they have the worst but they have not the best. On Section 2 Sinclair was ahead with one scrip, and Leslie followed with another, but if they have any more it is on Sections 24 and 12, 33, 4 and 18, 33, 3, which I think are hilly. They follow me up, and when a homesteader gives away that I have recommended a certain ¼ for a homesteader, there is soon a game of bluff on, that scrip has been located on it, and the bluff sometimes works on others. I am too old for that.

That good headway was made in this race for homesteads is evidenced by the following list of thirty-seven entries made through Mr. Copland, my authorized agent:

No.	Name	Amount	Sent or Kept	Land
1.	B. E. Schmidt	\$15.00	Sent	S.E.4-28-32-4-W. of 3rd
2.	E. Meilicke	15.00	"	N.W.4-22-32-4-W. of 3rd
3.	E. E. Meilicke . . .	15.00	"	S.W.4-22-32-4-W. of 3rd
4.	A. M. Schraeder . .	15.00	Kept	N.E.4-16-33-4-W. of 3rd
5.	L. E. Schraeder . .			S.E.4-22-33-4-W. of 3rd
6.	Gustave Meilicke .			N.W.4-16-32-4-W. of 3rd
7.	Oscar Meilicke . . .			N.E.4-16-32-4-W. of 3rd
8.	Herman Schmidt .	15.00	Kept	S.W.4-16-32-4-W. of 3rd
9.	Ernest Schmidt . .	15.00	"	S.E.4-16-32-4-W. of 3rd
10.	C. G. Schroeder . .	15.00	"	N.W.4-14-33-4-W. of 3rd
11.	R. W. Zuel	15.00	"	S.E.4- 6-32-4-W. of 3rd
12.	Rudolph Just	15.00	"	S.W.4-22-32-4-W. of 3rd
13.	Herman Jacoby, Sr.	15.00	"	N.W.4-32-31-4-W. of 3rd
14.	Geo. Jacoby	15.00	"	S.W.4-32-31-4-W. of 3rd
15.	Herman Jacoby, Jr.	15.00	"	N.E.4-32-31-4-W. of 3rd
16.	Arthur Jacoby . . .	15.00	"	N.E.4-30-31-4-W. of 3rd
17.	Eddie Jacoby	15.00	"	N.W.4-30-31-4-W. of 3rd
18.	H. R. Meilicke . . .		"	S.W.4-36-33-4-W. of 3rd
19.	H. A. Pommerenke	15.00	"	S.E.4-36-33-4-W. of 3rd
20.	Paul E. Pasche . . .	15.00	"	N.E.4-36-33-4-W. of 3rd
21.	H. E. Meilicke . . .			N.W.4-28-32-4-W. of 3rd
22.	C. A. Meilicke . . .			N.E.4-28-32-4-W. of 3rd
23.	O. F. Meilicke . . .			S.W.4-28-32-4-W. of 3rd
24.	Carl Dittmer			N.W.4-10-31-4-W. of 3rd
25.	Adolph Dittmer . .			S.E.4-16-31-4-W. of 3rd
26.	Wm. Dittmer			S.W.4-16-31-4-W. of 3rd
27.	Wm. Thomas			N.E.4-16-31-4-W. of 3rd
28.	Reinhold Thomas .			N.W.4-16-31-4-W. of 3rd
29.	Nick Grest			N.W.4- 4-31-4-W. of 3rd
30.	John P. Grest			N.E.4- 4-31-4-W. of 3rd
31.	Freeman Young . .			N.E.4- 6-31-4-W. of 3rd
32.	John Dittmer			N.E.4-12-31-5-W. of 3rd
33.	Edw. Dittmer			S.E.4-12-31-5-W. of 3rd
34.	Robt. Dittmer			N.W.4-12-31-5-W. of 3rd
35.	Herman Sondon . .			S.W.4-12-31-5-W. of 3rd
36.	Adolph F. Olson . .			S.E.4-14-33-4-W. of 3rd
37.	Lee Stuart			S.W.4- 4-33-4-W. of 3rd

So large a number of entries located in and around my land aroused the suspicions of the Canadian Government, which very seriously questioned Mr. Benjamin Davis as to the meaning of this. This is shown in a letter written on September 2, 1901, by that gentleman, to me, in terms that were quite specific.

Would you please inform me by return mail *what your idea is regarding the sending for applications for homestead entries in the vicinity of lands purchased by you in Western Canada, and asking for authority to appoint a Canadian Guide attorney to make a number of homestead entries in that locality? If the applications are for actual settlers, it is alright, but if not, you will find great difficulty in having the applications registered as the Canadian Government will not countenance speculation for non-residents. I would like an answer to these questions at once. Of course, if they are for actual settlers, you will be rendered every assistance possible, and please communicate direct with this office.*"

Mr. Davis was advised that there was no question but that these entries were all made for actual bona fide settlers.

While all this was going on, the interests of the settlers were not being forgotten. In order that they might obtain good and clean seed, they were discouraged against bringing any seed or feed, oats, barley or wheat, lest weeds should be propagated in the virgin soil. They were advised to bring shelled corn, which would be entirely free of foul seed. Arrangements were made with Mr. Angus McKay at the Experimental Farm to secure seed for the settlers. McKay has played such a large part in the agricultural history of Saskatchewan that I feel free to insert his letter dated October 21, 1901, simple business note though it be:

Your letter of 19th inst. is received. We have seed grain of wheat, oats and barley and can spare from 5 to 10 bushels of each kind to any one person.

Price for wheat 60 cents—oats and barley each 30 cents per

bushel—bags 15 cents— $2\frac{1}{4}$ wheat—3 oats and $2\frac{1}{2}$ barley goes in a bag.

We ship in February, March or April as desired as in these months seed grain is carried by C.P.R. at $\frac{1}{2}$ rates. Remittance should be made a few days before grain is required to be shipped. Application should be sent in early if seed is required.

As will be seen, Mr. Meilicke and his band of settlers detained at Dundurn on April 8, 1902.

The settlers were to arrive at Dundurn in the spring, and it was necessary to have lumber on hand, and a few buildings erected to house them, as it was quite possible that the weather might be bad when they arrived. There were no housing facilities at Dundurn, as the station building was the only one there. We accordingly ordered a supply of lumber from Wm. Cowan & Co. of Prince Albert.

It was learned that the Dominion Government might be induced to loan tents, to serve for first shelter when the settlers should arrive. Mr. Obed-Smith of Winnipeg, writing for the Government, promised two tents each, 16 x 24 feet with 6-foot walls. He wrote, "Let me know if there is any other matter of urgency which should be attended to." The Government proved very solicitous for the welfare of all, and were ready not only with advice, but with welcome aid. The settlers had to be advised of the proper implements to be taken with them, and of the freight rates to be paid, and, in fact, of all the conditions under which they would have to migrate. Though I dreaded the great responsibility, there was no other course than to take it.

My son, Hugo, and I took several trips with settlers anxious to see their land before buying. Some were from Minnesota, others from the Red River Valley in North Dakota. Finally, I left Hugo in charge at Dundurn, and returned and arranged for the sale of all my personal property not required for use in Canada. He

erected some buildings, purchased feed, seed, hay and lumber, and did what was necessary to house and protect man and beast when they would arrive in the early spring of 1902.

I sent a request to the Territorial Government at Regina, to have a public well dug by them at Dundurn. Mr. Arthur L. Sifton, Commissioner of Public Works, replied that the matter would receive attention when the well-boring season started in the spring.

Early in May, Mr. G. W. Grant, manager of the Temperance Colonization Society from 1882 to 1888 passed through to the region beyond Saskatoon, with a party of settlers from Britain. He had been in charge at the establishment of the settlement of Saskatoon, and had shared with its first pioneers their hopes of an early and rapid development of the locality. Then came the years of disillusionment, where failure dogged the footsteps of the farmers, and the people turned to ranching. At this point, Grant threw up his position. When he came in again, in 1902, the dreams which he had once entertained of the region becoming a land of thriving wheat farms, were coming true. He described the transformation to a *Manitoba Free Press* reporter, as "simply marvellous". Speaking of the territory south of Saskatoon, he said: "There was also a very large and most desirable immigration, chiefly from Minnesota, which was rapidly filling up the Saskatoon-Dundurn country. For this, Senator Meilicke of Minnesota was in a large measure responsible." (*Manitoba Free Press*, May 7, 1902).—EDITOR.

It will not be easy for future generations to realize the hunger for land and wealth shown by the speculators who dogged my footsteps. The officials of the Government, who had to do with me, must have advertised my skill as a farmer and my ability to judge good land. I have already mentioned the "land-scrippers", and the Temperance Colonization Society. There were others, in particular, Mr. A. J. Adamson, a banker at Rosthern. He was watching my movements with the eye of a hawk. Sometime afterwards he came to Dundurn and I put

him up. He made many enquiries about farming, and we got well acquainted. He finished up by telling me that for years he had tried to get people to settle on the land I had bought, but they had always backed out. He said that after I had bought there, he got some Minnesota capitalists to come in. He gave me their names. I had known them when in the Legislature. Adamson said that he told them now was the time to buy, but they always hesitated. He, however, persisted, and mortgaged everything he had to get a company going, and finally got the Saskatchewan Valley Land Company organized. It would appear then, that to some extent, my discovery that that hundred-mile stretch of territory passed over by everybody was good wheat land, and our successful farming, were prime factors in the establishment of the Saskatchewan Valley Land Company, which did so much to transform a desolate region into smiling wheatfields.

Mr. Adamson learned his lesson from me, and succeeded in checking my plans. My sons, Hugo and Carl, busied themselves during the first winter buying up scrip. The money came from the banker with whom Hugo had formerly served, Mr. J. M. Dickson. He placed \$28,000 at 6 per cent at our disposal, and we were to get 50 per cent of the profits.

My sons, Hugo and Carl, and later, Carl and Edward, went southward to the neighborhood of Hanley, the region in which the railway company had refused to take lands from the Government, by way of a subsidy, deeming them unfit for agriculture. The land there proved good. It was my sons' task to choose the sections which we would buy. A fire had passed over the prairie and burned the wooden stakes which, at that time, marked the boundaries of the sections. As we would have to state exactly the section or quarter section, as the case might be, which we wanted, in order to get our titles

at the Land Titles office in Regina, they might have been in a quandary. But Carl always showed himself as having a gift for invention—the art of adapting means to an end. He took a tally machine from my threshing machine and attached it to the box of his democrat and put a splint on one spoke of the wheel. By a test he found that when he had driven a mile, his tally machine registered 220 bushels. He would get his line of advance from two survey mounds in a line, and follow it with great care for the necessary number of bushels making the mile, or half mile, as the case might be. In that neighborhood the stake must be. By circling round in spiral fashion, he proved always able to find its charred remains, or the hole in which the stake had been.

We were so certain that people would be attempting to forestall us that when we had located half the land required, we sent Hugo to Regina to make our claim secure. Carl and Edward went off to locate the remaining sections required. This they did with remarkable acumen, and exactness, by the method already described. They came back triumphant, only to learn that all that region was closed to us by a blanket option placed on it by Mr. Adamson, in the interests of the company which he was forming. We felt crushed, all the more so as we knew that such a blanket option was in the teeth of the law. Mr. Adamson had forestalled us, and there was no remedy. However, Hugo went down to Arcola and found that good land was still to be had there. He invested the \$28,000 placed at our disposal by Mr. Dickson, and we made a fine profit from its sale at \$6.00 an acre and up.

That summer I met Mr. Adamson on the train going to Regina. He told me that a trainload of capitalists was coming from Minnesota and Iowa to look at land in Canada and that, as the "Saskatchewan Valley Land

Company," they had bought land and wanted to sell to settlers. He asked me to come on the trip with them through the prairies. I was reluctant. He said that there would be senators in the number, and Governor John Lind. When he mentioned my old friend, John Lind, I consented to go. When I boarded the train on the morning of June 27, 1902, they all surrounded me and pressed me for information. I gave them much good talk about Canada. Mr. Hoeschen, who put up the brewery in Saskatoon, was among them. He told me that he had bought land at Humboldt, and that a Catholic group of settlers was going in accompanied by priests. When the party got to Dundurn I wanted to get off, but they would not let me. There was plenty to eat and drink, and I had a good visit with John Lind. He said that he was glad to get away from Minnesota, because they wanted him to run again for the governor's office, but he was unwilling. On the way back, the party stopped at Dundurn. At that time I had a barn up, but we were still living in a shanty. The grain was about a foot high. My own farm on Section 3 was beside the railway, and I had placed all the good farmers beside me along the track. The land rose gently for more than a mile back from the rails. We had ploughed furrows a mile long, at right angles to the railroad, and we planted only the clean seed which I got from the Indian Head Experimental Farm. The result was that our farms were a sight to see—fields a mile long sloping gently upwards, a sea of green, ruffled by the wind. Here was an ocular demonstration of the quality of the land for wheat offered to our visitors. They were greatly impressed and said they had never seen such long and straight furrows. This expedition was the beginning of the settlement of a wide area. The cities benefitted greatly by this. Regina and Saskatoon grew great and prosperous as distributing centres.

The *Manitoba Free Press* of June 30th reported the party at Prince Albert, on the 28th, and mentioned the presence of Mr. Motherwell as a guest. "Ex-Senator Meilicke of Dundurn, formerly of Minnesota, who came up to Canada last year, and purchased six thousand acres, also came along. He speaks most enthusiastically of his experience since coming here." There were 130 capitalists from the United States on the train, many of them in their own luxurious private cars. The head of the party was Col. A. D. Davidson of Duluth, interested in some twenty banks. With him were F. E. Kenaston, President of the Minneapolis Threshing Machine Company and the John Abell Engine Works of Toronto, and A. D. Macrae, now a Canadian Senator, described as "a prominent Duluth Capitalist". A town site was determined on, at the siding known as Finsbury, and the name Davidson given to it. Bonnington became Kenaston.—EDITOR.

I often look back with wonder at all this transformation. When I came up the line, from Regina to Saskatoon in 1901, there was not so much as a settler's shack to be seen between Lumsden and the neighborhood of Saskatoon. It was a lonely, desolate land, passed over by hundreds of land-hungry men. Everybody condemned the region as desert. The ranchers at Dundurn told me that there were seasons in which the land was so parched that even the gophers died of starvation, but they were interested in keeping farmers out of their preserves. I had learned that the opinions of the masses are often based on hearsay and should not be taken without the most searching consideration. Knowledge and experience should be our sole guide. My knowledge of scientific farming, and my trust in experience, wisely interpreted, gave me the courage to settle in a district condemned by everybody and to set going a course of events which transformed a dreary waste into a fine settlement.

Mr. Meilicke's belief that his settlement led to the occupation of land hitherto considered impossible is borne out by ample testimony. To begin with, there is his statement that the immi-

grants had turned away from the region as incapable of cultivation. Mr. Turiff, who had been Land Commissioner at that time, made the following statement in a debate in the House of Commons, in which he now sat as member for East Assiniboia:

"From all the information we had in the Department (of the Interior) up to that time, that country was a desert, was an absolute desert to all intents and purposes. . . . Twelve years before that the railway had been built; it had been running for eleven years from Regina to Prince Albert . . . through a stretch there of a hundred miles of open prairie, and during these ten years only three homestead entries were made along a hundred and some odd miles of that railway. . . . There was not a settler, although thousands and thousands of settlers had gone over that railroad and settled in the country from Saskatoon north to Prince Albert, and east and west from that point." (Hansard, June 1, 1906, vol. 3, p. 4365).

Mr. Turiff supported his statement by detailed reference to reports made on the value of the land. The railway had been given a large subsidy of land to be chosen in the area traversed by it. In 1892, Mr. R. F. Dodds had examined the country with a view to the selection of the sections which should form the land subsidy. He classified the land according to its value for agriculture. The fourth class was just possible for farming and no more, the fifth was impossible. He summarized his report as follows:

"Following totals of different ratings will give you an idea of how lands fit for settlement compare with the worthless lands:

589 sections or about	377,060 acres rated 4;
895 sections or about	573,400 acres rated 4½;
3024 sections or about	1,945,460 acres rated 5."

The Government, not satisfied with this report, sent in an officer, a Mr. McLarchie, to make an independent enquiry for them. He gave an adverse report on the country. Only about one-third of the land was fairly fit for agriculture. (*Ibid*, p. 4371). A third report of the region was made for the railway company in 1901, the year Mr. Meilicke was exploring the country. It was compiled by "some of the most expert land men in the North-west." Referring to a certain ten-mile belt on either side of the railway, Mr. Creelman, the solicitor of the Railway Company, wrote to Mr. Sifton: :

"Mr. T. L. Peters of Winnipeg, whom you probably know very well, and who has a very great deal of experience as a

land examiner in the Northwest, reports to me that, in his opinion, there is no land in this block that can be considered fairly fit for settlement. I am quite sure that you will agree with me that, if there had been any land in this tract for settlement, such land would long ago have been selected by the Canadian Pacific Railway to satisfy its land grant. Mr. Peters further reports that the land in this tract is not any better than the land already rejected by the suppliants (the Railway Company), along the railway south of Saskatoon."

The area occupied by Mr. Meilicke's settlement was on the northern limits of the region under discussion in these reports. It was held by the Temperance Colonization Society. It was regarded generally as of the same class. But the area which Messrs. Hugo, Carl and Edward Meilicke, under the guidance of their father, tried to secure with scrip was within the area under discussion, and was regarded by them as equally valuable from the point of view of farming. As had been stated, Mr. Adamson had forestalled them and had secured a blanket option on the homestead land in favor of the company he was forming. Mr. Meilicke's success had opened the eyes of Mr. Adamson to the possibilities of the land. There followed the agreement by which the Government of Sir Wilfred Laurier sold or agreed to sell 250,000 acres of this land to the Saskatchewan Valley Land Company for one dollar an acre, on condition that they settle thirty-two families on each township. The company did just what Mr. Meilicke had done, brought in farmers experienced in the methods of farming suited to dry areas. In a few short years the region thought to be a desert was golden with harvests of grain, and flourishing towns—Davidson, Kenaston and Hanley sprang into being.

That the initial impulse to this great movement was due to Mr. Meilicke is testified to by contemporary observers. Mr. Edward William Thomson had formerly been a chief editorial writer on the *Toronto Globe*. He was now the Canadian correspondent of the *Boston Transcript*, and made a succession of journeys of inspection into the Northwest, in the interests of his craft. He is described by the *Halifax Herald* as "a writer of great ability and a fearless and impartial critic." Though a Liberal, he felt that Sir Wilfred Laurier and Clifford Sifton had squandered the resources of the Dominion in selling the 250,000 acres to the Saskatchewan Valley Land Company for a dollar an acre. He believed that these statesmen had been kept in the dark as to the

value of the land, as revealed by Mr. Meilicke. He pointed out that John Gillanders Turriff, the Land Commissioner at the time, was brother-in-law to Mr. Adamson, who had been instrumental in forming the company, and he inferred that Turriff had kept the knowledge of the value of the land from the Ministers, in the interest of his brother-in-law and the company he was forming. Whether this inference be true is of no concern here. What is of concern is that Mr. Thomson called attention to the fact that Mr. Meilicke had revealed the value of the land to the world. He wrote in the *Boston Transcript*:

THE FIRST ENTRANCE OF THAT LAND

In that year (1901) as related long ago in *Transcript* correspondence from the West, E. J. Meilicke, a wealthy German-American, a State Senator of Minnesota, explored the tract which includes the land in question. Finding it admirably adapted to wheat farming, he bought or took options on all of it that he could obtain. In April, 1902, as set out in the *Transcript* letter of October 11, 1905, Meilicke moved a number of families to the tracts he had acquired. His and their crops of that year, though planted late, flourished exceedingly. This proved high value was in all the great surrounding tract. Meilicke collected scrip to take up more. When he went to the land office to locate this scrip, he found that the Saskatchewan Valley Land Company had been placed in possession, not only of what he desired to take, but of certain sections reserved to free grant or homesteading. It is certain that Meilicke's operations were known in the Interior Department, for its agents visited Meilicke early in 1902, as is also recorded in the *Transcript* letter specified. That the proceedings of the German-American settlers in 1901 and 1902 were not known to Sir Wilfred Laurier is certain. It is even possible that they were not known to Mr. Sifton. . . . That Mr. Sifton's land commissioner knew of Meilicke seems a good inference from his having received reports thereon from subordinates. He (the Land Commissioner) was a western man. The tract was right under his eye, as it were. Moreover, this Land Commissioner is a brother-in-law of Adamson, a banker of Rosthern, a village near the Meilicke settlement. Adamson must have known what Meilicke was doing. That he understood its significance appears evident from the fact that he hastened to associate

himself with the others, who soon formed the Saskatchewan Valley Land Company."

Mr. (now Sir) Robert Borden was aware of these facts, having got his information from Mr. E. W. Thomson, who had, himself, been on the ground, and whom, Sir Robert asserts, was an able journalist and a man of great intellectual integrity. On May 30, 1906, he moved in the House for an enquiry into the administration of the Department of the Interior, urging the deal with the Saskatchewan Valley Land Company as one of the transactions calling loudly for investigation. He brought forward as his evidence Thomson's article, already referred to, and a letter written by Mr. C. W. Speers (General Colonization Agent in the service of the Department) to the Hon. Clifford Sifton, dated February 16, 1902. (Mr. Speers had recently visited the region, and was fully aware of Mr. Meilicke's purchase of land at Dundurn, and his impending entry into Canada with a large band of settlers.) The letter ran in part:

"I beg to point out that this piece of country has been pronounced, by a great many people, totally unfit for settlement, and very much through popular opinion is considered one of our very worst districts. . . . I have observed (it) very closely, and am thoroughly convinced that some progressive settlements can be placed along that line that will establish the fact that that country is all right. . . . I beg to point out that there is not one bushel of wheat produced within this 115 miles, and I am persuaded that if a few hundred acres of crop were grown about half way between Lumsden and Dundurn, demonstrating that the land was good, that a great deal of this land would rapidly fill up with settlers."

Mr. Borden's argument ran in part :

"The Saskatchewan Valley Land Company obtained a very remarkable grant of public lands in the year 1902—it is not quite accurate to say the Saskatchewan Valley Land Company obtained it; it is more accurate to say that a certain association of gentlemen obtained that grant and that they afterwards formed themselves into that company. . . . It is admitted today that the 250,000 acres granted to that company were fertile, but the argument has been made in this House . . . that the government did not know that this land was fertile at the time they made the grant. . . . I asked this Session whether any valuation was made of this land by officers of the Government before it was granted to this company

at \$1.00 per acre, and I was answered that no such valuation had been made. The negotiations for the purchase seem to have been largely oral; one of the promoters of the scheme was Mr. Adamson, the honorable member for Humboldt, who was then the brother-in-law of the honorable member for East Assiniboia (Mr. Turriff) who was then the Land Commissioner . . .

Here Mr. Borden quoted the letter of Mr. Speers to Mr. Sifton, to show that the Department of the Interior knew that the land was fertile when it was sold at one dollar an acre. He also quoted Mr. Thomson's article in the *Boston Transcript* indicating that it could be justly inferred that, through Mr. Meilicke, Mr. Adamson came to know that the region was good wheat land. Mr. Borden's argument was that here was something calling for investigation.

The Hon. Clifford Sifton, in his reply, very adroitly avoided Mr. Borden's array of facts by claiming that Mr. Speers was an immigration officer and no soil expert. He emphasized the refusal of the railway company to take its land subsidy in this desolate region. He did not face the argument that the value of the land had been demonstrated by Mr. Meilicke, but asserted with a daring that takes one's breath away, that Mr. Meilicke came in on the excursion train and bought his land from the Saskatchewan Valley Land Company:

"I want to call your attention, Mr. Speaker, to the excursion which was brought up by this company immediately after they set to work, and to the fact that there were upon that excursion men who own the following properties in the tract that was sold: the Deitchen farm at Davidson which had a crop last year (1905) of 120,000 bushels of wheat; there is another farm at Davidson which had a crop of 40,000 bushels of wheat; there is the O'Grady farm at Hanley which had a crop of 30,000 bushels of wheat, and there is the Wadell farm at Govan which had a crop of 40,000 bushels of wheat. Another very successful man who came up on that first excursion was Mr. Meilicke (sic) who had a farm about 10 miles north of the tract, land purchased from this company, and last spring he had a nice little crop of 40,000 bushels of hard wheat. In going through this tract of land, a year ago this month, I saw on that land, which in the spring of the year 1902 was an absolute desert without anybody on it, without means of subsistence for man or beast, I saw on that tract last year, villages, elevators, stores, hotels, and the largest wheatfield I ever saw in my life. That is the result of the operations of this company." (Hansard, 1906, p. 4300f.)

There were political reasons for Mr. Sifton's attributing the settlement of the region south of Saskatoon, wholly to the contract made by him with the Saskatchewan Valley Land Company. The Company itself was interested in publishing the same view. In a masterfully inspired article in the *Manitoba Free Press* of May 14, 1902, the origin of the company is thus explained :

"Through the representations of Messrs. Adamson and McDonald (of Fort Qu'Appelle) who sent samples of the produce of the Territories to them; and the natural interest of the Quaker Oats Company in the splendid cereal crops of that region, and also the information supplied by the Immigration Department through General Colonization Agent Speers, Messrs. Douglas, Davidson and their associates were induced to look into the possibilities of the country, and with such satisfactory results that they at once formed a company for colonization and investment."

It was further natural that the immense operations of the Saskatchewan Valley Land Company should obscure the fact that the initiative came from the lesser operations of Mr. Meilicke. Nevertheless, the facts make it safe to conclude that Mr. Meilicke set going a movement which peopled the desolate area between Lumsden and Saskatoon considerably sooner than would otherwise have been the case. An influence of this kind, like a stone cast into a pond, goes on expanding. The peopling of the plains between Saskatoon and Regina contributed greatly to the development of those cities. The area for which they were distributing centres was thus far expanded, and their wealth enhanced accordingly.

Standing on the height of Nutana, on which most of the then village of Saskatoon lay, and looking down on the railway station and the few buildings gathered around it on the opposite bank below, Mr. Meilicke, endowed with the knowledge that the empty spaces to the south would soon be peopled, foresaw the future city that would spread out upon the plain. He accordingly made a large purchase of land. Thereafter, the vacant lands were filled—to the south and north, to the east and west. The Canadian Pacific lines from Yorkton, from Regina and from Kirkella, united at Lanigan, came to Saskatoon. So also the Grand Trunk Pacific. Saskatoon, a rural settlement in 1900, became a village in 1902, a town in 1903, and was organized as a city in 1906. Mr. Meilicke, at a point at which he needed money for other schemes, sold his land to A. H. Hanson at a profit. His vision of the future of the village has been more than fulfilled.

In estimating the place filled by Mr. Meilicke in the history of this part of Saskatchewan, his revelation of the value of the region, his method of placing none but experienced dry-farmers from across the border on the land, his influence on the Saskatchewan Valley Land Company, and the total effect of the peopling of the vacant spaces, on the growth of the cities of Regina and Saskatoon, must be considered. The inevitable conclusion is that Emil Julius Meilicke, as a pioneer, did more to shape the development of the spacious plains between Saskatoon and Regina than any other individual, that he will stand out in the history of the region in a place all his own. He served the land of his adoption well.

—EDITOR.

Dundurn

IT may be well, at this point, to describe briefly the country to which the farmers from Minnesota were about to migrate. It was on the Regina-Prince Albert line, then leased by the Canadian Pacific Railway Co. Through that line had been built as early as 1890, and the country at large was being settled on every side, the region being traversed by the southern part of the railway was practically without settlers. There was no settlement between Regina and Saskatoon save the village of Lumsden. There were a few ranches to the west of Dundurn. The only station on the railway was Craik, and there were no houses there but the station-house. It was a country of treeless plains, swept from time to time in the spring by prairie fires. These plains were covered by luscious grass, which, in the dry autumns, was cured where it stood before the frost came. This "prairie wool" as it was called, made the very best of food for cattle and horses, and, of course, before them, the buffalo. Wallows and trails of these, the original animal population of the Northwest, could be seen distinctly in many places. The trails invariably ran at right angles to the streams which the buffalo frequented for water, and many were worn down to a depth of two feet or more. Cultivation, however, has now obliterated all traces of them.

Only two "ribbons of steel" ran between Regina and Prince Albert, and sidings were indicated by no more than signs nailed to the telegraph poles. Finsbury (now Davidson), and Bonnington (now Kenaston), had no inhabitants. At Craik, Mrs. Wilson, the wife of the section boss, furnished meals to the train crew and such

passengers as happened to travel on the freight train, which ran twice a week, on no particular schedule. The village of Saskatoon boasted a population of ninety-six souls. With the exception of a little at Lunsden and at Smithville, immediately west of Saskatoon, no farming was done. Nothing but the certainty that my judgment of the possibilities of the land was sound could have induced me to settle there, much less bring my friends and others to risk their happiness and prosperity in this lonely land.

I had thought that my duties as a Senator were ended, but a special session was called to amend the tax code of the State. This broke into the arrangements which I was making with the settlers-to-be, who were fairly straining at the leash to start for their new homes. They were warned, however, by the Canadian Government and myself that it would be unwise to make a very early start, since, if they might expect inclement weather in the spring in Minnesota, how much more certainly would it be met with in the distant north. A meeting had been arranged at which all the intending immigrants were to be present. I could not attend, for I was at the Senate in St. Paul. Now, as ever, when occasion called for it, my wife stepped to the front, spoke to the people for me, and won them to patience. The date for departure was set for April first. The *Windom Citizen* reported this meeting:

OFF FOR WESTERN CANADA

EIGHTEEN FAMILIES NUMBERING 84 PERSONS


WILL LEAVE WINDOM, APRIL 1.

Mr. J. C. Koehn, of Mountain Lake, Government Agent for Canadian lands, held a meeting of all those going to Canada this spring in Nason's Hall last Thursday. About twenty-five people were present, and the necessary arrangements made to leave in a body on April 1st via the Soo Railroad. It will require twenty-three cars to transport the goods of the Windom party, and with

several cars picked up at Mountain Lake will make a special train. About twenty families—representing 84 persons—will make up the large party leaving for the fertile regions beyond the boundary. With one or two exceptions, they all go to Saskatchewan, locating at Dundurn, Saskatoon and in the Rosthern district. Following are the heads of families off for the country of the thrifty "Canuck":

W. E. Stoddard
E. J. Meilicke
James M. Welker
Paul Sommerfield
Albert Freber
Peter Hugo
Herm Schmidt
A. F. Olson
F. W. Dubois

Roy C. Dubois
Gust Schultz
C. G. Carlson
Ellic Shaul
P. E. Olson
Clark Johnson
Herman R. Jacoby
F. R. McGladry
Charles Potter



While this is a large party leaving this vicinity, they are not leaving a vacancy, as more settlers have come in, and more will come into this country than are going out. The movement of people onto new lands this spring will be one of the greatest in the history of the country, and has already begun, five thousand having passed through the twin cities Monday and Tuesday of this week, to Northern Minnesota, the Dakotas, the far western states and Canada.

When the day appointed arrived, the pilgrims with their trainload of live stock and household goods, departed to their land of promise in the general direction of the North Pole. It should be mentioned that very special rates had been arranged by the Canadian Government with the railway for our transportation. As might be expected, many doubts and difficulties arose as we journeyed. It fell to me to calm uneasy minds and to speak words of encouragement where needed. Now that we were started, I prepared the people for the worst that might come, and gave details of the weather, the apparent barrenness of the prairies, the long distances, the initial lack of shelter and of wells—in a word, all the conveniences and inconveniences lying before us. I

assured them that we would find Dundurn very much as God had made it, unspoiled by human hands. To break the monotony and to withdraw the people's attention from their anxieties, I arranged entertainments in the evenings on the train.

The journey was slow and altogether wearisome. We left on April 1st and arrived on the 8th. A day was spent at St. Paul shunting back and forth, and we had to stop from time to time to fill barrels of water for the live stock.

Meanwhile, my son Hugo was pressing the preparations at Dundurn on to completion. The only people who could be drawn on for the work were the ranchers of the neighborhood. These lent a hand, and were not averse to earning a little extra money. By April 8th two buildings, 16 feet by 32 feet, and another couple, 16 feet by 48 feet, were about finished. One was not yet shingled. Shelter for the stock was also obtained, but it was some distance from the station. Fortunately, very fortunately, the weather remained fine. My son Hugo describes the scene on our arrival:

About four o'clock in the afternoon on April 8th the train arrived. I was overjoyed to be once again united with my parents. The cars were switched to a siding. Unloading continued far into the night. It resembled nothing so much as Barnum's Circus disgorging its properties and animals. Our family took the unfinished cottage. That night the train-weary settlers slept soundly after eight nights of wakefulness. (They were in the houses and in the two tents provided by the Government).

Next morning the sun shone brightly, and all rose early and worked unsparingly to put their possessions in order. They wished to finish this tedious task in order to be able to inspect their new homesteads. Mr. Paul Bredt, representative of the provincial government, came on the next train to advise and encourage the new arrivals. They were shown the corner stakes of their

homesteads, and prepared to break the ground. The following day the breaking ploughs commenced to turn the sod. It was a sight to be seen, as the white leached grass lay in contrast to the black furrows, stretching out a straight mile in length. Our own family was enthusiastic beyond bounds over the wonderful prospect this wide country offered, and this feeling spread as the others began to see the results of their work. These settlers from Minnesota were a group of the finest. While they worked hard, they lent each other a helping hand. They possessed the determination and courage necessary to meet the new and often very trying conditions.

One thing, however, brought speedy despair—the mosquitoes. They were so numerous and attacked us so incessantly that I thought perhaps the Canadians had put it over us, and that the reason the land had not been settled sooner was these mosquitoes. We had had some in Minnesota, but they did not begin to compare with these in numbers and ferocity. When the carpenters were shingling the barn, though they were handling small nails, they had to wear gloves, and over their heads mosquito netting. Needless to say, the work went on at a slow pace. Some, especially ladies with blond complexions, suffered with swellings of great size from the bites. One fellow who had followed us from Windom, and to whom I had loaned money to purchase a site for his new home, lost heart completely. I began to have visions of my colonists careening back to the United States, a cloud of mosquitoes after them. I twitted my man and managed to put some courage into him. I took great care to show that the mosquitoes were a matter of indifference to me. My neck might be black with them, as my friends often said, but I never put my hands up to brush them off. I knew that when the land was broken and the clearing had been done, the pests would

disappear. I broadcasted it as a new gospel—a gospel which time proved to be true.

I would not allow the settlers to bring seed with them from Minnesota for fear they would introduce noxious weeds. I secured clean seed from the Indian Head Experimental Farm, with the result that in the first years our fields were a sight to see. Later, contaminated seed was brought in, much to my distress. It was a wonderful spring, with sunny days and rain at night and the crops grew with amazing rapidity. I urged the settlers to break as much land as possible in preparation for next year's crops, and advised them not to expect too much from newly broken ground. Indeed, I told them that they would be very fortunate if they produced their own feed and seed for the next season.

An individual settler would have made a failure in the Dundurn district, as there was not a threshing machine within thirty miles. We brought our own equipment and took care of this need for the entire community in the fall of 1902, and therefore I know whereof I speak.

As has been stated, Dundurn was little more than a wide place on the road when the settlers arrived in the spring. It was therefore necessary for someone to look after the various needs of the community, and our family went into the following lines of business: lumber, hardware, banking, machinery, real estate, insurance, flour and feed—in short, our office was the headquarters for all the business transacted by the settlers. Farmers will realize that the shares of a breaking-plough, when in operation, must be sharpened every few days. As there was not a blacksmith in the group, my son Otto who had learned this trade at the Agricultural College in Minnesota, was pressed into service. He was sturdy of limb and often stood over his forge until late at night hammering out these plough shares. I mention this fact

to point out that we balked at nothing in order to make a success of this venture.

In May I had the ground at the station surveyed for a town and ready to receive merchants and the like. I felt that Saskatoon would be the city of the future, and surveyed only for a village at Dundurn. As fast as trustworthy, prospective merchants or business men came into the village, we installed them in business and relinquished our work in their line of endeavor, turning over to them our equipment and goodwill. Mr. J. H. Anderson, now of Saskatoon, moved to Dundurn with his family, and went into the hardware business. Homesteads were secured for his boys as an inducement for them to carry on the business. Mr. Lambert Carson, now of Vancouver, with his brother, came to Dundurn to conduct a general store. Mr. Stolliday, an Englishman direct from England, started a restaurant and barber shop. Progress was made in this way, and the community grew rapidly.

I did everything I could to supply the pressing and immediate needs of the settlers. I was well aware of the lonesomeness of the isolated farm homes. I told everybody to build shanties with sloping roofs, that could be moved easily to the farms, and I urged that the women and children should live in these, at the siding, until the men had homes built on their land. I felt that in this way they would become more accustomed to the country, and not feel the lonesomeness so intensely. We had to do everything, not only supply the settlers, but think for them as well. We had to take the men to see their land, and often we had to feed prospective buyers. All through those trying days my wife showed herself equal to the occasion, and my sons, too. We had long been accustomed to team work, and now we reaped our reward.

Rev. Lawson, the Presbyterian minister at Saskatoon, visited us from the first, and always put up at my home.

He had been retained by the railroad company to preach to the section hands. Curiously enough, these men were highly educated. The common rumor was that they were university men. Lamby, a botanist, was their cook.

In a couple of months' time the people began to talk of having a celebration, as they all wanted a little relaxation. They were planning a Fourth of July celebration, but I said that we would be showing very little grace if we commemorated that day in Canada—that it would be better to celebrate on Dominion Day, but those who chose could, of course, have Fourth of July thoughts in their heads. We already had two Canadian merchants there, as has been said, Anderson and Carson, and I arranged along with them to have a meeting to make plans. We invited the ranchers to it, but they did not come. Some wanted to go ahead without them, but I claimed that this would be a bad move on our part, that it would make a division when what we wanted was unity and general good feeling. There was one man, Mr. a'Court, an Englishman by birth, who had been the leader among the ranchers for years. I suggested that we invite him and make him the Master of Ceremonies, or President, for the occasion. The result was that he came and all the ranchers came with him. I pointed out that the Indians on the reserve nearby were all doing business with Saskatoon and that if we had them come they would bring what little business they had to Dundurn, which was much nearer. So they were asked. A few people came from Saskatoon.

At the celebration we had sports and Indian pony races and my sons put on a regular circus with tricks on the horizontal bar, somersaults and what not. We pushed our piano out to the front door and had music and singing. The ranchers brought in a keg of beer and a general friendship sprang up before the day was over. I ran in the fat man's 100-yard sprint, and won. The

prize, some bags of flour, I gave to the Indians, and I can see today the happy look that came on the faces of the young squaws at the sight of that flour. I also won some candy in a race, and gave it to the Indian agent to distribute to his charges. We had a basket supper on a long table that we had built. Everybody brought far too much, so after we were through we sat the Indians down to the table and gave them a meal such as they may never have had before. In sight of these savages, who stand in awe of brute strength, I lifted up a chair by its rung with a man sitting on it. After that glorious day, the Indians traded with us at Dundurn. They had good land on their reservation and I wanted to guide them into farming. I gave them ploughing to do for me to teach them. They just scratched the ground, yet I paid them, even if it had to be ploughed again. Some began to do a little farming.

By autumn we were getting into our houses. First, I built a barn. Stones had to be hauled. The house was then started. During the first winter it was lathed, but not plastered. It would have been terribly cold, but I got a very large furnace and we were kept comfortable. Upstairs sheets were put up on the lathes to give privacy. Once a sheet caught fire from a candle. The blaze spread rapidly along the exposed lathes, which were like tinder. Most fortunately for us the water tank upstairs was full. The boys rushed to it with basins, and dashed water on the fire, but with little effect. Otto took the unburnt remnant of the sheet and, soaking it in water, slashed away at the fire till it was out. I rushed up with a pail of water to the corner of the attic and put out the flames there. Fortunately, we were on the spot when the fire broke out. A very few minutes later and the house would have been consumed. We narrowly escaped a grave disaster.

The year after the house had been plastered I had a Mr. Tansley do some decorating. He sketched and painted a frieze around the top of the walls. In the library it was an Egyptian frieze; in the living-room Canadian scenes, Niagara Falls, Indians, buffaloes and prairie scenes; in the bedrooms he decorated with flowers, and in the dining room he painted water lilies. He and I planned the designs from my art books. We often had tea together, and would go visiting. This house was on the west side of the railway. Later I built a house on the east side.

By autumn we had to get a school going. I gave the lot. A temporary building was erected. The ranchers had a school three miles out, a log building, and might oppose us, but I knew that those nearest us would support our petition for a school to be the centre of a five-mile district. Mr. Fisher who had taught in the ranchers' school was the first teacher. There was a pond on my land, and some old railway ties nearby. The children had a great time building boats with these.

As the population increased, I felt that we should have a social organization. A Literary Society was formed. Three evenings in the month were literary, and one musical. It was difficult to get musicians from Allan, a settlement to the east of us, but we did get them. They would come the twenty miles and put up at our house. The young people were interested in the work which Tansley had done in my home, so I arranged that a group should meet there and that Tansley should give lectures on art, and lessons in oil and water-colour painting. We had the paints, paper and other necessities sent out from Winnipeg. Mr. Lamby, a botanist, would lecture on Botany in the school, with illustrations on the blackboard.

For years there had been an agitation to get up a band, but nothing came of it. After my trip to Europe

in 1907-8, the Brooks Brothers came from eastern Canada, and as they were good musicians, the agitation revived. As I knew that it would fail again without financial help, I found all the instruments for it. They gave concerts on Saturdays, and it proved a great drawing card on market days.

Sport was not neglected. A baseball team was formed and other towns were invited to form a league. I gave two lots in the town for a large skating rink. The curlers had one side of it. I bought "stones", but I never curled.

We never had a hospital at Dundurn, but in the early days, on one occasion, we had to improvise one. Jack Hill, an Englishman from the Isle of Wight, a bachelor, was stricken with typhoid fever. In a Christian country he could not be left to die like a fly, on his lonely ranch. Dr. William Alexander Wilson had come in to practice at Dundurn, and had his office above mine until a drug store could be built. We transformed that upper storey into a hospital and brought Jack Hill to it. Two other English boys were stricken, and beds were found for them there. The reputation of our hospital must have gone abroad, for another fever patient was sent in from the Grand Trunk Pacific construction camp to the east of us. One of the English boys died. We had some trouble over this hospital. One man in particular protested against exposing the settlement to contagion. I told him that it was not becoming in a man who went to church with a big Bible under his arm to take that attitude towards the sick and uncared for.

Dr. Wilson later married my daughter Ella.

The progress of our church was not as smooth as that of our other institutions. The first minister to give attention to us was Rev. Thomas Lawson. I had met him on the train, on the trip when I first visited Dundurn. He was well posted, and explained to me the political machinery of Canada, how the laws were

passed, how they were enforced by the Northwest Mounted Police and an independent and, therefore, a just judiciary. The Sunday after we arrived to settle in Dundurn, he preached to us. The station-house was the only place available, and we each carried a chair to the building. The mosquitoes were bad, and the section boss sat in his own room with the door open and smoked to keep them away. Mr. Lawson preached an excellent sermon, and afterwards the collection hat was passed around. We were all so happy to be there, and everything had gone so well, that a good collection was taken. Mr. Thode had arrived late, and just as he opened the door, the hat was presented to him and he plunked in a big American dollar. He had not heard the sermon, and it did look funny to see him open the door and meet the collection hat face to face, as it were.

Mr. Lawson was a great man to argue. There was so much for us to do that we did not have time to shingle our shanty, and the roof was open to the stars. One day it looked like rain, and everybody, even the girls, got up on the roof to put on the shingles before the rain came, which they managed to do. Before the shingling was done, Mr. Lawson called and he and I got into a heated argument. As we argued, our voices rose, and as the hammering on the roof was deafening, we raised our voices higher. The young people on the roof saw the chance for some fun, and hammered more loudly than ever, and, of course, our argument grew louder and louder. And so on, crescendo. Mr. Lawson always ran on with his argument, and never allowed anyone to break in. Once Mr. Jacoby held a watch in his hand to suggest that he could only run on for a limited time, and that his opponent should get a chance, but the scheme was not successful. He would interrupt when we tried to reply to him. So we decided one evening to cure him. I told him that he kept talking for half an hour or more.

but that whenever I tried to reply or express my opinion, he interrupted and would not let me speak. He said that it was not so. I then began a discussion about christianizing China, and he went off on a long argument. After he had talked for some time, I asked him if he were through, and he agreed. Then I began, and made a good point at once. He immediately broke in, and started arguing. I picked up an apple and a toothpick from the table and told him that I would stick a toothpick into the apple every time he interrupted. He jumped up and said that he had not meant to interrupt, but I stuck the toothpick in. So it went on, and I continued to put toothpicks into the apple. This excited him greatly, but I told him that I was going to cure him of this fault even if I had to make a porcupine of the apple. Nevertheless, I liked the man for his arguing was an index of his strong character. I admired him much for his sympathy, and his human qualities. The Wilson boys lived six miles south of us on the Black Strap Coulee, and their father was an old man stricken with palsy. The road to their place was very poor, but every time Lawson came to Dundurn he would walk out, it might be through the snow, to see the old man. An Englishman, Edgar Hawkes, lived on a lonely ranch sixteen miles away. He grew very despondent, but chalked up on his door, to brace himself, Nelson's famous signal, "England expects every man to do his duty." Word came in that Hawkes was near insanity. Lawson walked the sixteen miles to his ranch and stayed with him until he felt better. I considered this to be true Christianity.

Any difficulties we had about the church were due to the strong denominational feelings prevalent in those days. The second winter, Mr. Hill, a Presbyterian preacher, came and later took a homestead. The Presbyterian church arranged to give him a manse. I gave the

lot and lumber at cost, and the people at large built it, but when the Presbyterians found that they could not carry the expense of a manse, and the house was vacant, we had to pay rent for it when it was required for some preacher of another denomination. The Methodists learned that my boys were athletes. They sent in an athletic young preacher, of German descent, named Shoupe, to capture us and the community for their church. He wanted to have a Sunday School, but then so did the Presbyterians. Fortunately, we had a man from Indiana who had been a Sunday School Superintendent. We determined to start the school ourselves and prevent the churches from dividing up the community. I sent for the necessary books and papers and we formed a Union Sunday School. So, too, with our church. We did not want two denominations warring in our midst. We planned to form a company and build a church to be used by whatever denomination could keep up the services. Some Moravians had come to the community, and a Moravian Bishop appeared upon the scene. He wanted us to give the building to his denomination, but we declined. We did not want the story of the manse to be repeated. The Bishop then said that he doubted whether the authorities would send a preacher. I replied that the Moravians claimed to be the best missionaries in the world, and if they did not see their way clear to accepting the use of a church open to them, others would be glad of such a chance. It was agreed that we build the church as a joint stock company. This was, I believe, the first joint stock company church in Canada. Reporters from the cities came to learn the details.

Dundurn prospered economically. This was partly due to the greater part of the land being taken up by experienced farmers. In selling the land I always gave the real farmers the first chance. I did not feel it right

to make a profit out of them that I did not earn, and I never sold them a farm that I had not seen, and did not know personally to be good. If the purchasers were not farmers, I would only sell if I knew them to be pushful. When I sold to such business men, I sold at a profit.

Nearly all the farmers who came in knew how to farm under dry conditions. We had learned to plough when the soil contained moisture, and to summerfallow and cultivate the surface. We used to smile when the Canadians told us that this system was a wonderful discovery of theirs. We knew it in Germany, and it was an old story. I was sent by the Provincial Government as a delegate to the Dry Farmers' Congress at Spokane, in 1910. Mr. Motherwell and Mr. Green, and about twelve others were there as delegates from Saskatchewan. I had to smile at all the talk of the wonderful discovery of dry farming, especially when a Frenchman from Algeria told them in a lecture that dry-farming had been practiced in that country for centuries. We all knew how to farm under dry conditions, and we prospered at Dundurn.

It must not be thought, however, that I adhered blindly to the ways of my fathers. When expensive farm machinery came in, I was ready to adopt it if it paid. If farm implements appeared to be uneconomic, I kept away from them. I was a seller of implements myself, and could get them cheaper than others, but I did not pile up machinery on my farm. I noted carefully the disadvantage of costly traction engines, the precious days lost waiting for spare parts, the time wasted when the machines, which at first were very large and heavy, got bogged in the soft parts of a field and the wear that limited a costly engine's life to five or six years, when a new one must be purchased. I was, therefore, very careful of the extent to which I carried machinery on



BACK SOMERSAULTS BY OTTO, CARL AND HUGO





my farm. Yet when occasion called for it, I used machinery. When I was still breaking my farm in 1904, I hired two tractors and other machinery to speed up the work. People thought I was crazy to go to all this expense, but I got my farm into cultivation at once, and in 1905, which was a most favorable year, we harvested over 46,000 bushels of wheat, practically all Number One Hard, or Number One Northern. The total crop was put over a platform scale, and loaded by hand into box cars. It brought me sixty-four cents a bushel. My extravagance paid. But after that I fell back on horses, because they did not mean money going out of the farm as much as engines did. The winter after using the tractors, I went to Minnesota and bought a carload of fine horses. Once Mr. Motherwell came to visit us. He expressed his surprise that I did not have power machines. I replied that they cost \$4,000, and were obsolete or broken down in four or five years; and that as soon as a machine could be invented that would present the farmer with a young one of its kind, as our mares did, I would buy one. That my policy was not foolish was shown when Mr. O'Grady, the manager of the Northern Crown Bank, who had a large farm near Hanley, sent his brother-in-law, who ran the farm, to see me and get pointers. He had two engines, yet he could not make money. My conservative policy brought prosperity to my farm.

By watching carefully the results of our efforts, and by calculating critically the value of every implement, I was able to improve my methods, and even change my implements for the better. To insure better growth, and on account of a dry spring, I employed Press Drills. I came to believe that disk harrows did not have sufficient dish in the blades. I wrote the Bissell Disk Company, and they carried out experiments on my farm. It was found that with added dish, the surface could be



completely cultivated at a shallower depth, and with lighter draft. After two years of trial and improvement, the implement was adapted perfectly to our conditions. This element of progressiveness, added to my conservative policy, made for success.

Then, too, in my early days I had learned the value of harboring my resources, so as to be wholly independent when the bad years came. When the people of Dundurn grew prosperous, they would go off to spend Christmas with their friends, at their respective homes in the States, well dressed and with money in their pockets. This was the best advertising possible for Dundurn. But I soon saw that they went too far, and were too extravagant. They did not save money for the years when there would be poor crops. When they were in town, the farmers would meet at my office, and I would warn them to be more careful. The year 1907 gave a healthy lesson to the whole Province. The winter had been very severe, and the frost of a late spring damaged a large portion of the crops. Thousands upon thousands of acres of wheat were not worth cutting, and as practically all the wheat in Saskatchewan was frosted, the market could not handle the large quantity of low-grade wheat. As a result, prices ranged from fifteen to forty-five cents a bushel. To make matters worse, the United States and Canada were plunged into a financial panic, and for a time the bankers positively refused to advance money to their depositors. Those who had a cash balance weathered the storm easily. Though Dundurn largely escaped damage by the frost, for its soil was a warm soil, yet the lesson was patent.

I had now reached a position of some affluence. Many a time I had longed to revisit the scenes of my childhood, but resisted the temptation. I would not go until I could do so without damaging the material welfare of my family and of my own future. Now I felt free to go.

As is to be seen in the early part of this narrative, after forty-one years I, as it were, traced out the steps of my childhood at Plonitz and Woldenberg. My wife and I settled for the winter in Berlin, so that my two youngest daughters might perfect their German in a school of the homeland. In this period of leisure I read many books, being especially interested in the early history of the human race. I bought interesting replicas of the works of art of Egypt and Greece. I visited Italy, part of France and Switzerland, and spent happy days in the museums and art galleries. My sons at home in Canada had measured up to a high standard of efficiency in business and were carrying on without me. It brought me contentment to feel that it was so, and that the heavy load which I had been bearing in the past years would be shared by us in common and that I could take more leisure for the interests of the mind.

I returned to Canada in 1908.

A pen-picture of Mr. Meilicke, as he was in this phase of his career, is to be found in a letter written by Mr. F. A. Acland of the editorial staff of the *Toronto Globe*, when on a visit to the west in 1906. A selection of the letters written by Mr. Acland was afterwards published by the Canadian Government under the title, *The Canadian West*. The brief sketch of Mr. Meilicke's career, and the description of Dundurn, is unnecessary here. The pen-picture of the man, enables us to see him as he appeared to an intelligent visitor.

A few years ago this settler was a member of the State Senate of Minnesota. He is at present not only farming, but is engaged in the lumber business, and is besides, agent for several American manufacturers of agricultural implements. We found him in his office hard at work, but in no way averse to spending an hour in the discussion of his own experiences in his recently adopted country. Bit by bit he unfolded to us the story of his life, and expounded his system of ethics.

The "Senator", I should say in the first place is a German by birth, and speaks English with a marked accent, though expressing himself always in terms rather above than below

the normal standard in conversation. He is big and burly, as befits a German who has lived on the land all his life. Some of his sons and daughters are married and settled around him at Dundurn, and others are young enough still to attend the local school. Of the home habits of this German-American-Canadian farmer, one may gather something from the books and papers that were plentifully scattered about. The *Literary Digest* and the weekly edition of *The London Times* are not found in the parlor of every farmhouse in Ontario. He, moreover, reads them carefully . . .

Then we were taken out, and he showed us his fields and his barns and his stables, and the new house that he is building for himself. It is the third house he has erected here. The first he sold, with some land on which it stood, to another German from Minnesota who had followed him here, and who like the "Senator" had passed through the State Legislature there. This settler, it may be remarked in passing, is farming on a princely scale, and has broken no less than five thousand acres; he came in but two years ago.

As to the change of flag, the "Senator" was frank enough. He would not, he says, have cared to live in Canada had there been any signs of truckling to high-sounding titles and so forth, but he had seen nothing of that. The people were agreeable, the laws were at least as good as the American, the Mounted Police system was the best possible, and succeeded admirably in maintaining the law, and the school system, he thought, much ahead of that of the western States . . . —EDITOR.

In the Service of the Public

Senator Meilicke came to Canada after a public career in the State of Minnesota. That alone gave him a position in the eyes of the public which few, if any, migrants to the Northwest Territory enjoyed. The spectacular success of the settlement which he effected at Dundurn could not but enhance his prestige, and open doors at once into the public service which could come to others only after long years of residence. Men of sterling character and especially wide experience, were none too plentiful in Territorial times even in the early years of the history of the Province.

It was also natural that Mr. Meilicke should be a keen observer of the institutions of his adopted country. His intimate knowledge of the State which he had formerly served enabled him to make interesting comparisons and judgments.—EDITOR.

WHEN I came to the Canadian Northwest I was naturally interested in comparing its institutions with those of my own State. It did not take me long to see that the Northwest Mounted Police were giving people a respect for the law which made the country a fine one to live in. Then I found that when some wrong was done the Government took the case out of the hands of private individuals and, as it were, automatically, justice was done. This meant that interested parties could not interfere to get the wrongdoer off, and at the same time the community did not assemble in indignation to execute justice on the evil-doers without the forms of law. I have had many occasions for admiring the justice meted out by an independent bench. On the other side, I have felt that the government of the day is too powerful in the Legislative Chamber, and that the individual Member of this House does not get enough freedom in pro-

posing and carrying through important measures. He is kept too much under the control of his party leaders to be able to make his own contribution to the good of his country.

I was very greatly pleased with the organization of the Territory as it had been worked out by Mr. Haultain. The school system was better than the one I had known in the State of Minnesota. I regarded the school laws as wonderful; and it was with the greatest of ease that we got our school at Dundurn going. But the finest feature in Mr. Haultain's government of the Territories was the economy with which he gave the people all that they needed. On this account I was against the formation of the Province of Saskatchewan. I read about it in the papers, but did not pay much attention to it until Mr. Anderson, who had taken over the hardware business from us, kept advocating the forming of a province. I asked him why it was so important. He said that as a Territory we could not borrow money, but we could as a province. I said: "Then I hope it will never be a province." I was against it because we now had everything orderly and nice and economical, and if we should organize a Province and borrow money, taxes would go higher and higher. In Minnesota I used to pay \$100.00 tax for 760 acres. In Dundurn, at the beginning, we had all we wanted and \$8.00 taxes for a whole section. I thought that we ought to be careful about making a change.

The first summer we lived in Dundurn I was approached by old Mr. a'Court to take the office of Justice of the Peace. I said that I had not come to Canada to hunt for an office. To me it looked ridiculous that a man who had not yet got warm in the country should be asked to take office and help run it. He replied that so many foreigners were coming into the country that I would be a great help to the Government in

handling their affairs, because in some cases I could speak their language. I said that even if I really wanted to accept I could not, because I was not yet a Canadian citizen. He said that if I accepted, the oath of office would be administered and I would then become a citizen without waiting the three years. However, I said I was still an American Senator and would be until the autumn, that I was really an American citizen and could not accept.

Then the Province was organized, and I had to choose sides. All my views as a Populist and Ultra-Liberal would naturally put me on the side of the Liberals, although I was well satisfied with Mr. Haultain. Besides, we had come to Canada under a Liberal Government at Ottawa, and we had been treated very well. We had been supplied with transportation for two inspection trips, Government guides to show us available lands, and when we did arrive at Dundurn, Government tents for shelter. All of this free of charge. We were grateful to the Government then in power. We also learned that when the Conservatives had been in power they had not done these things for foreigners. Then Mr. Scott came to Dundurn. I put him up because he had to wait between trains (they only ran twice a week), and I found that his principles were right and I became friendly with him. It had been arranged in Ottawa that he should be Premier of Saskatchewan when the Province would be formed.

After that I overheard Mr. a'Court, a staunch Conservative, on the station platform in Saskatoon, say that there was to be an election, and that they wanted to keep the Liberals out, as they were ruining the whole country by bringing in foreigners. I then realized that if the Conservatives were against foreigners, I did not want to see them in power. I could see that anyone who was not born in Canada or England would fare far better

under the Liberals. When the election was drawing near, I got a telegram from the Conservative convention meeting in Saskatoon that they had unanimously nominated me to stand for that district in the Provincial election, and that they would sit in full convention until they received my answer. It was a clever move on the part of Haultain, for he thought I would bring in all Dundurn and the German settlement at Humboldt. I answered that I appreciated the nomination, but that I could not see my way clear to accept. The next day Mr. Murison and his wife came by train. They stayed in our home. He tried with all his skill to win me. I heard later that he boasted that he would get "Meilicke mellowed". He told me that the Conservatives were waiting in session for my answer. I declined, saying that it would be wrong for me, after so few years in the country, to begin to make laws for the people. He argued that I had so much experience, and was such a big farmer, that I could represent the farming community and serve them well. He talked of the honor of the position of member. I answered that as far as honor went, I had represented two counties in Minnesota with thirty thousand constituents, and that in Saskatchewan I would represent a district of about one thousand. He said that he had been instructed by Mr. Haultain to tell me that, if the Conservatives went into power, he would appoint me Minister of Agriculture for the Province. I pooh-poohed the idea. I recalled the five winters spent by my wife without me, managing my affairs when I was in the Legislature of Minnesota, and I definitely declined. Then the Liberals of Hanley wanted me to run for their party, but I declined. Dr. McNeil was nominated. Mr. Hendricks, my old friend, was nominated by the Conservatives. He had been in the Legislature in Minnesota with me, and was a self-made man. This was another shrewd move on the part of the Conservatives, for he was a Nor-

wegian and would carry the Norwegian vote. Hendricks came to Dundurn and made a speech. I got up and said that I knew him very well, that we had served in the Legislature of Minnesota together, where he was a Populist. I added that I was very sorry that he had accepted nomination from the Conservatives, and that I could not vote for him, but that I could assure them that he was absolutely honest and had great ability. He was beaten by the Doctor.

In August, 1909, I was surprised at receiving a letter from the Department of Labor in Ottawa, asking me if I would act on the Board being appointed under the Lemieux Act recently passed; in fact, this was the first arbitration under the Act, to arbitrate between the City of Saskatoon and the laborers putting in the sewage system. My name must have been suggested by the late George McCraney, then Member for Saskatoon in the House of Commons. The representative of Labor on the Board was Mr. Stevens who had come from Winnipeg to organize the strike. Mr. Alexander Smith was the representative of the city—I was Chairman. The Act precluded lawyers from pleading before the Board. Mr. Hopkins, the mayor, and Mr. McIntosh, one of the aldermen, appeared for the city, and, strange to say, Honore Jackson, English secretary to Louis Riel in the 1885 Rebellion, appeared for the laborers. An amnesty allowed offenders at the Rebellion to return to the country after twenty years, and here was Jackson. The reasons for the strike were given as being lack of protection of the workmen, through improper bracing on the sides of the ditches—one man had nearly lost his life when the sides fell in; and the failure to provide proper sanitary conditions—the men had to go to the conveniences of the citizens, and these protested; and finally that the English-speaking laborers had to work with Galicians, and an inferior grade of foreigners who, it

was claimed, could not understand the orders given, and thereby endangered the lives of their fellow workmen. Further, there was the plea that an Englishman had been wrongfully dismissed. The evidence proved that this man had cut a large and costly pipe so short that it could not be used. We therefore upheld the dismissal. Jackson made himself very obnoxious, and I surmised that he wanted us to do something which could be made to appear as persecution, and which would enable him to pose before the public as a martyr. I took particular pains to be patient with him, more especially as we were instructed, if possible, to bring the two sides to agreement. On the other side, Mayor Hopkins said many things that angered the workmen. In the matter of the ditches, we ruled that as they became deeper, thicker bracing boards must be used to prevent breaks such as had occurred. As to the conveniences, we ordered that portable houses be provided in sufficient numbers. As to the low type of hovels, in which it was said the Galicians lived, on inspection they did not appear so very bad. These foreigners explained that they had to live in extemporized huts, for they were trying to save money to get established on their farms. Jackson precipitated many a wrangle on the question of wages, but that matter was ruled out of order as being beyond our instructions. Most of the actual matters in dispute were settled to the satisfaction of both parties, but we proved unable to bring about amicable relations between them. At any rate, the strike came to an end. Stevens failed to appear when we were drawing up the report. Smith and I, alone, prepared and signed it. On September 18th, I received a letter from Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King, then Minister of Labor, expressing the thanks of the Government:

While regretting that it has not been possible to effect a complete unanimity between the parties on all the points submitted, I feel,

after a careful perusal of the report that much has been accomplished in the complete elimination of many points of difference and the possible modification by each of the parties of their views in regard to some of the others. On the whole, the enquiry and the report have been the means of preventing a situation which might have proven most detrimental to the business interests of Saskatoon, as well as to the immediate parties to the dispute.

I was surprised, later, to get a letter from a lawyer in Boston, saying that he was preparing an Act for the Legislature of the State of Massachusetts, on the lines of the Canadian Act, and asking if we found any defects in the Act. Mr. Smith and I replied that it would be wise to insert a clause requiring that the representative of labor should be a resident on the voters' list. This would prevent imported paid agitators like Stevens from sitting on a Board of Arbitration and obstructing the way to agreement.



In December, 1908, I received a communication from the Attorney-General's office announcing that I had been appointed a License Commissioner for the Province; the other members were J. R. Bunn of Milestone, and Hugh Armour of Regina. Mr. Archie McNab had been transferred to the Government Cabinet, and I was to fill his place. Mr. Bunn was Chairman. To the surprise of Attorney-General Turgeon, I did not answer the letter but went to Regina on the date named for the meeting. Mr. McNab and Mr. Turgeon happened to be on the train, and were piqued that I had not accepted the appointment formally. I explained that as the position was one of great responsibility I wanted to meet my fellow commissioners and be satisfied that they were the right kind of men to keep the Commission, and therefore myself, out of trouble. Having satisfied myself, I accepted. A few years later I became Chairman of the Board. The Commission controlled the licensing of hotels, and dealt with matters involving large amounts

of money. We had inspectors watching all the licensed places. In my time only two proved corrupt. One of those who was to be dismissed put on the best face that he could, and came to us to make a plea for leniency. He began to shake hands all around, but I refused to give him my hand. At one meeting, the annual meeting of the Board, when all the applicants of the district were in attendance, a big burly applicant for a license, placed a handful of cigars on the table before us, and then stood off to see what effect it would have. I arose and with a sweep of my hand scattered them on the floor. I said: "What do you mean by placing this rubbish on the table of this Commission?" I felt that I had been personally insulted, and my colleagues bore me out.

We had to consider all sorts of pleas as grounds for giving or withholding licenses, such as scandals within the hotel service, drunkenness on the part of guests, and what not. In one case a complaint was made against a hotelkeeper for drinking. He proved to be a Scotsman, and had taken a drink or two when curling. Considering the traditions of the race and game, we did not think that a grave offense. We decided that he was not on duty at the time, and permitted him to keep his license. He had an excellent record as a hotelkeeper. A hotel in Regina applied for a license. The inspector said the house was dirty and infested with bedbugs. The lawyer retained by the applicant pleaded that time be given the applicant to clean the house. For the next hearing the applicant secured the services of the most distinguished lawyer possible, namely, Mr. W. M. Martin, afterwards Premier, and now on the Bench. Our inspector, Mr. Fife, an ex-mountie and a wonderfully reliable man, reported that things were no better than before. Martin, however, claimed that the house was to charge no more than \$1.00 a day, and allowances should be made for that, and went so far as to suggest that, for certain

reasons, our inspector was prejudiced. We invited him to accompany us for an inspection. He lifted up the linoleum and found old cigar ends and the like and a swarm of cockroaches. He pulled out loose paper in a bedroom, and found the wall covered with bugs. Thereafter we did not let Mr. Martin forget his eloquent plea for a license for that place. One of our inspectors reported that a large hotel in a city was filthy. The board where the meat was cut was thick with filth. Cockroaches abounded. We ordered the manager to clean up but he did not do so. At our next visit to the city we saw the place at night. When we turned on the lights we could see the cockroaches scurrying away, and with a knife the inspector scraped off layers of filth from the meat board. We gave the manager warning that if the place was not soon reported clean, his license would be taken away. This time he cleaned up thoroughly.

The hardest job we had was in Moose Jaw. That city, and Regina, had had votes to decide whether the respective cities would go dry. Moose Jaw expected Regina to do so, and voted itself dry. Regina remained wet. Of course the Moose Jaw folk felt that people would pass them by, and go to Regina, and business would be lost. Interested parties discovered that there was a slight flaw in the procedure in taking the vote, and brought the matter to the courts where it was decided that the vote was null and void. Applications were then made for licenses, and our inspector reported everything in fine condition. The hotelmen came before us at the meeting confident that they would get their licenses. When we announced, after mature consideration, that our decision was that we could not grant them, the jaws of the hotelmen fell. In the subsequent discussion we explained that we did not pretend to override the decision of the Court, but that, by law, we were



required to give or withhold licenses according to the wishes of the people. We said that we must use our horse sense and not be influenced by mere technicalities, that the evidence before us was patent, and showed that the people of the city were against licenses. The hotel-keepers said that the city had changed its mind. We asked for convincing evidence. At an adjourned meeting, two lawyers and a Bishop appeared for one side, and two lawyers on the other. It was contended, with equal vehemence on both sides, that the city was now in favor of licenses, and yet still against them, but no more evidence was before us than at the previous sitting. We decided that the only thing to do was to circulate a petition. As Chairman, I said that they must come to a decisive agreement among themselves by our next meeting, and that, if not, we would not come again for a year. The next time we met with them everything went well. Both parties gave us assurance that they were convinced that the people had changed their minds, and that the public sentiment was in favor of licenses. I told the secretary to put it down in the Minutes that the lawyer of the opposition recommended that we grant licenses. I met the Hon. James A. Calder on the train some time afterwards. He shook hands cordially, and said that the Government had really been worried over the difficulty in Moose Jaw, but that we had handled the matter beautifully, and the people were satisfied, that if it had not been so, the matter would have become a bone of contention between the two political parties.

Then came the Great War. I felt at once, public sentiment being as it was, that the chair of the Commission was no place for me. In the war boom, two hotels were being constructed in little towns where only one license was permitted. There would be a race to get the license, and if we ever granted it to a German, on the ground that he kept the better hotel, his English or Scotch

opponent would say that I granted it as a German, to a German, as a piece of favoritism. The authority of the Commission would be undermined, and the trust of the people which we had hitherto held successfully would be lost. I pressed this view on the Premier, Mr. Scott, but he insisted that my work had been so efficient, and the Commission so impartial and just, that he could not accept my resignation.

The hard work of the past years and the mental strain of those terrible months had brought on sleeplessness, and I was near a nervous breakdown—I was then sixty-two years of age. I went to my son Carl in Chicago, and when there consulted a physician. As a result, I wrote to Mr. Scott tendering my resignation.

Hinsdale, Illinois,
November 30, 1914

Hon. Walter Scott,
Regina, Sask., Canada

Dear Mr. Scott:

Referring to the conversation with you on November 12th, telling you my wishes to resign from the License Commission, I must state now that it is my wish and desire to be relieved.

I have been advised to stay away from strenuous business and to spend the winter in California.

I was very much inclined to give up the post when my highly esteemed friend, Mr. J. R. Bunn, left the Commission, but my strong friendship for you, and your government, held me at the very responsible position. I feel that I have done my full duty during the six years of exacting service to you, and the people of Saskatchewan, in bringing up the standard of hotels.

Yours very sincerely,

(sgd.) E. J. Meilicke.

I received in reply a letter of acceptance, whose appreciative words make it one of my cherished treasures.

Regina, December 9, 1914

My dear Mr. Meilicke:

In accepting your resignation from the Saskatchewan License Commission, which is contained in your letter of Nov. 30th, I wish to say,—and in saying so I speak for every member of the Government,—that no casual word can quite convey the measure of appreciation which we feel towards the remarkably successful and valuable service, rendered the Province and the Government by you during a long period of years, in a sphere of work so difficult as to demand in unusual degree, common sense, diplomacy and integrity. So thoroughly satisfactory was your work, from the public standpoint, that on previous occasions when you spoke of resigning, I always set my face resolutely against such action. Most sincerely do I regret the circumstances existing at the present time, which would make it unfair that I should again oppose your wish to relinquish the work.

May I most earnestly express the hope, that the present terrible situation will soon pass away. And let me assure you that you and yours will always have my very best wishes.

— Very sincerely yours,

(sgd.) Walter Scott.

E. J. Meilicke, Esq.,
The Hinsdale Sanitarium,
Hinsdale, Ill.

My years of service on the Commission were prized by me because I was able to serve the public with integrity, but they also brought to me the reward of acquaintanceship and even friendship with many of the leading men of the Province. This, in turn, led to my being consulted informally on many questions. I always gave my opinion in sincerity, and with courage, and never asked myself whether it would be acceptable to the parties enquiring. After all, truthfulness is the foundation on which to build up the esteem of our fellow men. Among my letters, I find a correspondence with the Live Stock Commissioner, which will illustrate what I mean.

Regina, September 16, 1913

Dear Sir:

Considering the present shortage of all meat-producing animals, and more particularly of cattle, on the North American Continent in general and in the Dominion of Canada in particular, it has been thought advisable to give due consideration to ways and means of remedying this situation as rapidly as possible, with special reference to the Province of Saskatchewan. For this reason, I should be glad to have your opinion and suggestions, in regard to legislation to prevent the slaughter of sound, healthy female cattle up to a certain age—say three, five or seven years. A law of this nature has been in force in the Argentine Republic for several years, and has met with a good deal of commendation from those versed in agricultural economics. Present indications point to a continued shortage, more especially of cattle, and considering the fact that the more rapid the increase in any district, the greater the profit that will accrue, it is time that some action was taken in this Province.

Thanking you in anticipation of an early reply.

Yours faithfully,

(sgd.) J. C. Smith,

Live Stock Commissioner.

E. J. Meilicke, Esq.,
Dundurn, Sask.

(REPLY)

September 23, 1913

To the Live Stock Commissioner,
Regina, Sask.

Dear Sir:

In reply to your letter of the 16th inst., requesting my opinion or suggestions re legislation as to the advisability of preventing slaughter of female cattle, would say:

That such legislation would be ill-advised, and strongly resented by men who understand, and wish to manage, their own affairs. Although personally not averse to the government encouraging and fostering the live stock business, I do believe that legislation which will interfere with a farmer's property rights, which will curtail and hamper the disposal of his property, will be ill-received by him. The solicitude of the government will be mis-

understood by him, and it might appear that it is intended to furnish the urban population with juicy beefsteak at a lower price.

The truth is that the profit-making possibilities in the live stock business are not yet apparent to a large number of the grain-raising farmers, and it must be admitted that the Argentine cannot be quoted as an example here, since the conditions there are radically different. Of the land occupied by the grain-raising farmer, it requires a large acreage to feed his live stock, means expensive shelter, extensive stable feeding, and increased labor and profits are much diminished, and perhaps vanish entirely.

To the small settler, with his few head of stock, this legislation might often work a hardship. He is often short of money, and through dire necessity, it might be imperative to dispose of female cattle for slaughter purposes, or he might find it necessary to slaughter an unprofitable cow, though it is healthy and sound.

If cattle raising in this province continues to be as profitable as it is often said to be, it would indeed be a phenomenon if this occupation would not rapidly spread, and increase without legislation to force its growth.

In conclusion, I might say that it is incomprehensible to me that by increasing the supply of live stock, the profits to the producer would be increased. I am of the opinion that the contrary would be the case.

In view of the fact that in these latter days the farmer is receiving so much advice from railroad presidents, bank managers and eastern manufacturers, it might appear advisable to give him a free hand to work out the live stock problem in his own way.

Yours very truly,

(sgd.) E. J. Meilicke.

In the Afternoon of Life

WHEN the Great War broke out I suffered much distress of soul, not, as many seemed to think, because I was torn asunder by conflicting loyalties, for I never doubted that I should be true to my oath of allegiance, but because I had an overwhelming sense of the calamity it involved. At a meeting of a board of directors, my friends thought to console me by saying that the war would be over in three months, and victory would come soon. Such superficial optimism never deceived me. I told them that it would be a long war and the suffering would be incalculable. We went to a window and looked down on the cheering crowd. I broke into tears when I thought that, too soon, the thoughtless people in that crowd would be mourning for sons and brothers who would never return. The nightmare of it all haunted me in my bed. Already worn out with a strenuous life, I could not sleep. I was threatened with a nervous breakdown.

A certain number of my English friends were obsessed with the idea that because I was a German by birth, I must be a German at heart, and disloyal. One man whom I had helped out of trouble so far forgot gratitude as to withhold his hand from me on the street, and turn away without speaking. I felt the injustice keenly. I had never been a citizen of the Germany we know. My father had been a citizen of Prussia before the Empire came into being. So that I, his boy of thirteen, and my brother could escape conscription, we had migrated to the United States. My father had secured a release from citizenship and military service for himself and all his sons. We left our homeland the citizens

of no country. In Canada I held large property, protected by the laws and institutions of the land of my adoption. I had taken the oath of allegiance to the King, and served the people of the Province in a public capacity. What sort of man did they take me to be, when they thought I could forget all this, go back on my oath and be disloyal in my heart?

After a meeting of the Licensing Commission at Saskatoon, a *Phoenix* reporter waited on me. Here is his report as published on October 22, 1914:

... the reporter thought it not amiss to ask Mr. Meilicke what he, as a German, and the Germans in this province in general, thought of the present war.

A CANADIAN

"Young man, let me first correct you," said Mr. Meilicke. "I am a Canadian of German birth, and was never a German subject. My father left Prussia in 1866, the year of the Austro-Prussian war. I was not 14 years old at that time. He took out a release of citizenship and emigration passports, which papers I still have in my possession. When these papers were handed to him, he had no citizenship in any country until the same was gained in the United States. My father had four sons, and one son served in the field during the above war."

A LOVER OF PEACE

"My father, being of a studious turn of mind, foresaw that Central Europe would be a cauldron of slaughter for years to come, and, as a lover of peace, he decided to emigrate to the republic to the south of us, as thousands did who disliked compulsory military service. Now do not misunderstand me. I am not ashamed of my ancestry, nor have all my sentiments leaked out of my heart. A man who despises the place of his birth would not make a good citizen in any country."

"You have not many interests in Germany, then?" asked the reporter. "Your life seems to have been spent on this side of the water."

"No. I had relatives there, but as they died the correspondence fell off, until now it is two years since I have written a letter to Germany. With the exception of some books and magazines my German mail is nil. I went to Europe in 1907 for a holiday trip,

and while there spent some time in Germany, but to me it was a strange land."

"How do the Germans in this country regard the course of events in Europe?" asked the reporter.

WAR WAS INEVITABLE

"Those who belong to the educated class feel that the war is the natural outcome of the high military pressure which has existed since the Franco-Prussian war. Big armies and big navies spell war, sooner or later. Now the war has come, and the Germans in Canada are minding their own business, and hoping for a speedy termination of hostilities. Sometimes I am asked by newcomers to this country what their position is, since war has broken out. And my answer to them all is the same—'Attend to your business. You are now under the British flag, and Canada has treated and will continue to treat you well. No matter where your sympathies lie, you will never be forced to fight for one side or the other in this country.'"

"Have any the idea that they might be forced to fight against Germany?" the reporter asked.

FEAR CONSCRIPTION IN CANADA

"Yes," said Mr. Mellicke. "Some Germans, and Austrians also, who speak English imperfectly and do not understand our laws and customs. Quite reasonably they do not like the idea of fighting against their country. As a matter of fact, they do not want to fight at all, and they are fearful that the war may lead to conscription here, which will force them into the army. Not being able to read the papers, they cannot form any opinion as to the trend of events. And furthermore, it is a lamentable fact, that in any land in times of storm and stress, some few evil-minded persons seize the opportunity to spread rumors, that instil fear and distrust in their fellowmen. Once the inquirers are informed, however, that there is no likelihood of conscription and that they are safe in this country, they are quite satisfied. It is my conviction that the loyalty of the Canadians of German descent is unquestionable, and that they will do their full duty as citizens."

After the publication of this interview, several of the men of Saskatoon whom I respected most came to me and thanked me for speaking out. They referred specifically to my declaration, "A man who despises the place

of his birth would not make a good citizen in any country." This was the situation when I resigned the chairmanship of the Licensing Commission.

After visiting my son Carl in Chicago, and consulting a physician, I went to California to recuperate and then returned to Chicago. There, I received letters from my sons saying that people said I was afraid to return to Canada. I returned, and went to live in Saskatoon. Later, I decided that we should all go to California. Hugo and his wife, with my wife and the girls, went on. I was to follow, by way of Winnipeg to Chicago, where I had business. America was now in the war, and I heard in Winnipeg that it was becoming very hard to get across the line. I met Mr. Spears of the Immigration Department and told him about it. He said he would fix me up with a letter. An American gentleman heard us talking, and Spears told him that I had been a Senator of Minnesota, and that I wanted to cross the line. He said that he would introduce me to the officials, and help me. I had all my papers of citizenship with me, and an auditor's report of my financial standing. On Sunday Mr. Spears took me to the Immigration Office and prepared a document for me, and put every seal in the office on it. He wrote that he had known me for years, that I was reliable and had a big farm. On Monday the American took me and introduced me. All kinds of officials were sitting around while I was cross-examined. Later, I was taken into another room and questioned again. My first answers were checked by my second in this room. Then they asked me how much money I had, and I showed them my auditor's statement. They now asked me how many (American) Liberty bonds I had bought. I said: "None, for I am a Canadian and I have bought \$30,000 worth of Victory Bonds." They asked detailed questions about my father, and his reasons for leaving Germany. I showed them

his release of citizenship, and that it stated that he was beyond suspicion. They then told me that one of my statements would go to Washington, and the other to Ottawa, and that as things were upside down at Washington, I might have to wait some time. I asked them if there was anything that could be done that would speed things up for me. They said I could get my papers signed by an American Congressman or Senator. Of course, I had lost track of those whom I had known long before. I went home and felt desolate in the deserted house. I sat beside the fire and was reading my paper, when I fell on an item stating that my old friend, John Lind, formerly Governor of Minnesota, had been appointed by President Wilson to the very department to which my papers had been sent, and through which they were to pass. I wired him, stating my troubles, and asked him to speed up things for me by sending a letter to Winnipeg to say that he knew me and that I had been a good citizen of the United States. In a few days I received a letter from the American Immigration Office at Winnipeg to the effect that they had received instructions to pass me across the line. As I went through I asked if they had passed anyone else in that way. They answered, only one other. Some years later I went to see John Lind and had a great visit with him. He was pleased to say, "Old friends are genuine friends".

In the States, I found some of the American public as blind in the treatment of the Germans as some of the Canadians. In Windom, a peaceful Mennonite, Clerk of Court and a university graduate, who was well to do and wrote articles for the papers, and another very inoffensive fine man were put on a dray and made to kneel down and kiss the American flag, as if an act of that sort could touch the heart and make men patriots. I was pleased that there was nothing like that in Canada, for I honor the flag but feel that a ceremony of that kind

partakes of idolatry. In the States, the unruly mob remained unchecked. I recall with satisfaction that in Canada, when wrong was done to inoffensive Germans, they were given the protection of British law.

* * *

There remains a long and, to me, a very interesting chapter of my life, namely, my business dealings. But this is not the place in which to speak of them. I will, however, say that I attribute much of my success to my learning early to remember the other man. I have found it pays not to exact the pound of flesh, but to give terms which will enable the other man to make his profits and to succeed. Some of my ventures were undertaken with other motives, mingled with the desire for gain. For example, I took stock, soon after entering Canada, in the Northern Bank. I felt that the eastern banks, managed from a distant centre, could not understand the farmer and his problems, and dealt hardly with him. A western bank would keep the money in the country and would use it to help the farmers. I did not realize that a western bank could not gather enough of the savings of the people to accomplish my object, that one of the chief benefits of the eastern banks was to apply the savings of the people in the East for the development of the West. For this, and other reasons, the venture was not a success.

Similarly, my connection with the *Regina Leader-Post*, and the *Star-Phoenix* was due in the first place to my desire to keep the papers in sympathy with the farming public and voice its needs. When I was on the License Commission, my colleagues, Mr. Bunn and Mr. Armour, who were large stockholders in the *Regina Leader*, asked me to put some money into their paper. The Directors had hazarded the fortune of the paper

in building up a costly but very efficient plant. Knowing this, I put \$20,000 cash into the venture. This was very shortly before the war, and when the war came we lost money, but at least we had done something to save the paper. For five years we received no dividends, but finally the *Leader* began to pay, and we bought out Mr. Bunn and others, so that my family owned a third of the paper. Then we bought the *Star-Phoenix*. All these papers were making money when we sold. In handing them over to the Sifton family I knew that the needs of the West and of the farmers would continue to receive adequate expression in their columns.

* * * *

In the matter of helping people in difficulties, I have not found it wise to find money for them, though that on occasion has been done. I consider it far better to think for them, and to bring one's experience and ability to their rescue, so that they may ultimately be set on their feet. Let me illustrate what I mean. An acquaintance, a widower with two daughters, had left his farm uncultivated to live with them and to work for their education in the city. They were through, yet he stayed on at a wage that left him little chance of saving anything for his old age. I happened to meet him and I asked him what provision he was making for his advanced years. He replied: "None". I suggested that he should go back to his farm. He said that he could not do that, for he had no equipment with which to farm. I loaned him the horses and the equipment. That summer he had a fine crop and was well on his way towards making provision for his old age.

* * * *

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We lived in Saskatoon, on Poplar Crescent for a time. In June, 1922, we came to Vancouver. My wife and I had worked very hard. We had always lived in a country where the winters were very cold. We thought we would go to live in California, but my son Hugo felt that that was too far from our interests, that he must be close enough to have his finger on the pulse. We compromised and came to Vancouver. Here I have most of my sons and daughters around me. It satisfies me to know that the family feeling which bound us together in the heat, the struggle and effort of the noontide remains undiminished in the afternoon of my life.

I spend my leisure browsing in the books of my library, accumulated in the course of years. My favorite subject is the history of the human race. Ratzel's *Volkerkunde* and Johannes Ranke's *Der Mensch* are my friends. The taste for geology, given me in my school days, continues, and Neumayr's volumes on *Erdgeschichte* are favorites. After my year in Europe (1907-08), art attracted my attention, and I browse in Springer's illustrated volumes on the history of Art. The German classics and the history of German literature from time to time engage my interest. English books are not wanting on my shelves, e.g., Hammerton's *Peoples of All Nations*, in seven volumes, and his three volumes on the *Wonders of the Past*, and series like the *Makers of History*, and *Great Events by Famous Historians*. Cassel's *Illustrated History of England* is a favorite, and Maspero's lengthy *History of Egypt*. So much did my days in the British Museum interest me that I bought Budge's *Book of the Dead*, in the large edition. I take much pleasure in treating the hieroglyphics, as illustrating the English translation. I had made several attempts to see this expensive book in the

libraries of certain universities, but they did not have it. I, therefore, got a copy for myself.

* * * *

Four years ago my wife and I celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of our wedding; last year, my eightieth birthday. On the latter occasion, I was drawn away from the house by a dinner at my son-in-law's home, Dr. Wilson. Unknown to me, preparations were being made at my house for the real festival. I was taken back to my home to find all the family, sons and grandsons, daughters and granddaughters, and a host of friends assembled on the lawn to greet me. There they pointed out to me their gift for my eightieth birthday, a *Sequoia gigantea*, a Redwood tree from California. I was told that it was a symbol of myself, tall and straight, and it lives to a great age.

Happy is the man whose children rise up and call him blessed.

Appendix

MEMO. OF LAND AT DUNDURN, SASK. PURCHASED BY MR. MEILICKE IN 1901

AUGUST 27, 1901—

		Acres			
N. ½ & S.W. ¼	27-32-4	480	@	\$3.00	\$ 1,440.00
All	33-32-4	627.92	@	3.00	1,883.76
All	3-33-4	640	@	4.00	2,560.00
All	15-33-4	640	@	4.00	2,560.00
E. ½	9-33-4	305.21	@	4.00	1,220.84
N. ½ (E. of River)	34-36-5	225	@	5.00	1,125.00

	\$10,789.60
Less 15 per cent	1,618.44

	\$9,171.16
Less 1 per cent	91.71

	\$ 9,079.45
Less paid Mr. Copland, July 31, 1901	25.00

Balance to be paid by Mr. Meilicke re above lands	\$ 9,054.45
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Also as below:

1st payment on Contract for 35-36-5	\$ 712.80
1st payment on Contract for N.W. ¼ 36-36-5	142.56
1st payment on Contract for N.E. ¼ 36-36-5, Mr. R. W. Zuel	142.56
	\$10,052.37